THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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THE MEN AND MOVEMENT OF '48

The Venerable Chief Organizer of the Fenian Movement Indulges in Interesting Reminiscences.

Causes of the Failure of the Attempted Insurrection.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.]

After leaving the chapel we were chased by two policemen, but we quickly sped to the Mitchelstown mountains, in whose blue mists we disappeared. We then entered a cabin, where flowery potatoes and hot milk were served to us by the generous farmer's wife. I need hardly add that our appetites were keen, and that we did ample justice to the repast. We were very kindly treated next day at Castle Hyde, situated on the banks of the Blackwater, by the genial and patriotic host, Sir Patrick Hyde, the grandfather of Douglas Hyde, the Irish poet and Gaelic scholar. Sir Patrick assured us that he, too, would have gone to Tipperary, to join the rebel ranks, only for a sprained ankle. On departing from his castle he provided us with a large quantity of provisions and wines in knapsacks.

We had now traveled 150 miles of bridle pathways, and enjoyed a rest in the town of Dunmanway, in the house of a certain person whom I shall not name, for we discovered that he was plotting to betray us to the police. Consequently we left that house with the utmost speed, and reached the beautiful pass of Cuimeneigh, flanked by two colossal hills, immortalized by the sweet muse of Denis Florence McCarthy. Here we witnessed the wondrous beauty and picturesque wildness of the mountains surrounding Gougane Barra, and heard the scream of the lordly eagle from his eyrie in the crags 5,000 feet above.

Here Doheny grew melancholy. All our resources of escape, he said, had failed. Moreover, we were in a starving condition—so much so that we were forced to eat grass and dog nettles, to eke out our miserable existence. Still I had hope and even confidence. I parted with Doheny on the mountains of Glengariff. He proceeded to Cork, and entered a cattle ship at the Cove. "When I stepped on board," he writes, in his "Felon's Track," "I walked to the foredock among the cattle, covered with rags and dirt, my eyes fixed on two detectives, who stood at the cabin entrance scrutinizing every passenger. The bell rang. The detectives went out on shore, to my great joy and surprise; my friends, who watched my movements, waved a kind adieu, the Juverna slipped her cables, and at one bound was out of the river."

Shortly afterward I, too, proceeded to Cork, and found shelter in a friend's house, where I met Mrs. Downing, "Claribel" of the *Nation*, a famous poetess of that day. She asked me to come to London in the guise of her maid, and added: "I will provide you with woman's clothes. You will pass unnoticed in that attire, for your features are still beardless."

I accompanied her to London, thus clothed, and resumed my usual attire at her house, from whence I proceeded to Paris. The success of my escape from arrest was due to Mrs. Downing, and partly to my friends in Kilkenny. These latter, hearing that I was wounded at Ballingarry, circulated a report that I had died from loss of blood. Two of them proceeded to Tipperary, where they purchased a coffin, and deposited therein my supposed corpse. The casket was conveyed to Kilkenny on a car, and my alleged remains received the honor of a magnificent funeral. I was then buried under the shadow of the round tower of St. Canice. The local newspapers had sympathetic obituaries, dwelling on the good qualities of the deceased, who they said was a juvenile of much promise, but who, unfortunately, in an evil hour "joined the unholy ranks of the social disturbers of his country."

Shortly after my arrival in Paris, I received from home several Irish newspapers, from which I learned that Smith O'Brien had been arrested at the Thurles Railway station on the 6th of August, 1848. He was brought to trial, and he and MacManus, O'Donohoe and Meagher were sentenced to death on the charge of high treason, but this sentence was afterwards commuted to penal servitude for life in the Bermuda islands. On the 9th of July, 1849, the English man-of-war Swift, spread her sails in the direction of these islands, having on board Smith O'Brien, Thomas Francis Meagher, MacManus and O'Donohoe. John Martin, a brother-in-law of Mitchel, who had been previously transported to the Bermudas, and Kevin Izod O'Doherty, a medical student of Trinity College, who was also a felon, were conveyed to Cork on the 16th of June, 1849, where they were put aboard the ship The Mount Stewart Elphinstone, bound for the same islands.

A touching scene occurred at the King's Bridge Railway station, Dublin, on the morning of that eventful day, when O'Doherty was taking his departure for Cork, surrounded by a company of soldiers. His betrothed, Miss Mary Kelly, who wrote patriotic songs and ballads for the *Nation* under the pen-name of "Eva," approached her lover, and tenderly embraced him.

"Would you wait, my dear sweetheart, for me for fifteen years?" asked Kevin, that being his term of imprisonment.

"I would wait for you, my Kevin, for an eternity," replied the brave young girl.

John Mitchel was liberated a few years after his arrival in the Bermudas, thanks to the efforts of P. J. Smyth, a fellow Young Irelander. Smith O'Brien and the other political prisoners were pardoned some time subsequently. O'Brien returned to his Manor House, Limerick county, Ireland. Meagher became famous as a brave soldier in the civil war in the United States, and rose to be general of that gallant band of regiments known as the Irish Brigade. MacManus did not long survive his liberation. His remains were conveyed in a steamship from New York to the Cove of Cork in 1861. His funeral in Dublin was attended by tens of thousands of men who marched with the step of experienced soldiers behind the hearse. This great demonstration in memory of an Irishman who risked his life in the cause of Irish liberty in '48 was, so to speak, the result of my previous labors in Ireland in starting and developing the I. R. B. organization, after I had left France and returned to Ireland in 1856. O'Brien, Meagher, Dillon, O'Mahony, Doheny and O'Donohoe have passed into the valley of the shadow of death. The only leading surviving members of the '48 movement are Gavan Duffy, Kevin Izod O'Doherty, Denny Lane, of Cork City, and Richard O'Gorman, of New York.

I may add that none of these gentlemen (with two exceptions)—through no fault of their own—took an active part in the attempted rebellion. Gavan Duffy, the proprietor of the *Nation*, was arrested at that time on the charge of having written a rebellious article, entitled "Jacta alea est"—"The Die is cast." During his first trial, "Speranza," Lady Wilde, (who is still living and residing in London), declared proudly as she sat in the gallery of the court:

"I am the author of the incriminated article."

The jury disagreed. Other juries in the second and third trials of Duffy followed the example of the first, and the English were morally compelled to release him. Shortly after that event he resuscitated the *Nation*, which had been suppressed owing to the insertion of "Speranza's" article. Kevin Izod O'Doherty's arrest occurred shortly after that of Duffy. He was charged with writing treasonable articles in John Martin's "Felon." On his release, he and his sweetheart were united in wedlock. Since that time Dr. and Mrs. O'Doherty have resided in Australia, except one brief interval, a few years ago, when the former rebel became a member of the Irish parliamentary party.

When I arrived in Paris I took up my residence in a garret in the Latin Quarter. This Bohemian part of the city was chiefly inhabited by students of the Sorbonne, and a large number of political refugees from Italy, Russia, Hungary and Poland. Among those exiles were two Italian Republicans—Cairoli and Crispi, the present premier of King Humbert's cabinet! Crispi, who is a civilian, organized a rebellion against Ferdinand of Naples, King of Sicilly; but it was a failure and he was compelled to leave the island and reside in Paris, where he was in my time a professor of Italian.

I was not long a resident of my attic when John O'Mahony, who with Meagher and Doheny fought against the English soldiers at the head of companies of peasants around the southern base of Slievenaman mountains, became a fellow inmate of my poorly furnished room. We were both penniless. Fortunately, however, I was taught the French language in the days of my boyhood, and was thus enabled to give lessons in English to several students of wealthy parents. Thus during a year I was enabled to keep the wolf from the door. O'Mahony became the Paris correspondent of a Madras, India, newspaper; but no remittances having come in response to repeated applications for payment, he ceased contributing to the pages of that dishonest journal.

In the dark days of December, 1851, when Bonaparte, the son of Queen Hortense, nephew of the great Napoleon, and President of the French Republic, effected his famous coup d'etat, the Republicans of Belleville and Montmartre and the students and refugees of the Latin Quarter rose in rebellion against him. They were provided with rifles, and they raised the barricades. O'Mahony and I joined the corps d'armee; but the artillery of the army in the pay of the Emperor destroyed our barricades, and many of our comrades were killed by shott and shell. Finally the insurrection collapsed all over Paris, the streets of which were red with the blood of patriots. We retired sadly to our home, and were unmolested, as we were not suspected of taking any part in the rebellion. Moreover, we were not known at the Prefecture of Police. Victor Hugo, Louis Blanc, Ledru Rollin and others, all leaders of the Republican party in Paris, were expelled by a ukase of Napoleon III.

O'Mahony left Paris subsequently by a transatlantic steamer from the port of Havre for New York. During the last years of my exile I became the intimate friend of three men whose names were famous throughout France: Beranger, the great French poet and ballad writer; Alexandre Dumas the elder, author of "Monte Cristo," and Col. Myles Byrne, a retired officer of the Frency army. Beranger was an old man in 1852. On several occasions, when we toasted Gambrinus in a tavern in the Latin Quarter, he used to dwell on the events of his early life. From the roof of the schoolhouse situated on the Place de la Bastile, he beheld the capture of that infamous prison by the people of Montmartre, on the 14th of July, 1789. "I was a literary hack in 1802," he remarked, "earning 25 sous (cents) a day, and living in an attic. My clothes were very ragged in those pleasant Bohemian days, when I had loved the Lady Poverty; for I was a dreamer, and used to write about Arcady and Pan in my pastorals. I satirized Napoleon in my 'Roi d'Yostot,' my first famous song, which brought me the sum of 1,000 francs ($200). I afterwards became the first ballad writer of the Empire, and glorified Napoleon, for he was then the conqueror of the kings and emperors of Europe. I was persecuted and imprisoned by the Bourbons on account of my Napoleonic proclivities. One of my songs, 'Le Vieux Drapeau,' 'The Old Tricolor,' was very popular in Paris under the regime of the Bourbon lilies. During the reign of Louis Philippe I secured a pension for the author of the 'Marseillaise,' who was then a feeble nonogenarian, whom I had supported for several years previously."

Alexandre Dumas the elder, introduced me to a Paris publisher to whom I proposed the traslation of Dickens' leading novels. Dickens was popular among the very few Frenchmen who could read English; but there was no French edition of his novels in Paris. In the period of two years I translated "Nicholas Nickleby," "David Copperfield" and "Martin Chuzzlewit," and was remunerated by the publisher to the extent of 5,000 francs ($1,000) for each volume. I left my den, and rented a more spacious and comfortable apartment on the Boulevard St. Michel, where I gave on one occasion a supper in honor of the Irish rebel of '98. Col. Byrne, John Mitchel, Father Prout and other members of the then Irish colony attended the feast. Col. Byrne was a tall and stalwart man. He fought bravely in all the battles of the rebellion of '98. He it was who organized the Irish Legion which formed a part of Napoleon's army in its conquering march over Europe. Under the Bourbon regime he was colonel of a French infantry regiment forming one of a corps d'armee which was dispatched in 1829 to liberate Greece from the Turkish yoke.

I have little more to add to these souvenirs of my early career. Though I was amassing a considerable amount of Napoleons d'or by my translations, I had other and nobler ambitions. I desired to attempt a colossal task—that of the liberation of my native land. Wherefore I laid down my pen and started for Ireland in the summer of 1856.—*James Stephens, in Donahoe's Magazine.*

DR. O'REILLY'S VIEWS.

The annual banquet held by the Knights of St. Patrick at the Planters' Hotel, St. Louis, will be remembered by many of your most intimate associates as illustrating some of the finest bursts of oratory that has marked an epoch in the history of that organization. The speech of the Hon. Marcus Kavanaugh electrified his hearers by the brilliancy of his language and the depth of his logic. Like a thunder-clap from a clear sky boomed the sonorous tones of D. H. McAdam. Dr. P. S. O'Reilly appeared somewhat confused when he was unexpectedly called upon by his friend McAdam to respond to the toast "The Fenian Brotherhood." He modestly arose, and apparently much agitated, expressed himself as follows:

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN OF THIS ASSEMBLY: There is much difficulty in making a proper response to the toast "The Fenian Brotherhood," as offered by the learned and distinguished gentleman who preceded me, Mr. McAdam. A majority of the guests, if my judgment is correct, would not understand the full import of the sentiment, I will therefore say that the Fenian Brotherhood is nothing more or less than a name for one of those Irish national organizations that have been struggling for the maintenance and independence of their fellow-countrymen for the past hundred years. Be their names Firbolgs, Phœnix, Fenians or as at present, they are all the same, struggling as they have in the past, and will continue to do so in the future, despite all prejudices or narrow minded bigotry. That organization radiant with the hope that they could succeed by moral suasion more speedily and effectively, the Fenian Brotherhood graciously stepped aside and gave them full sway. Now, as their efforts have proved unavailing, the Fenian Brotherhood or Nationalists, as I will call them, are ready to again assume effective operations and carry on their mission in the future as they have in the past, and let me tell you, gentlemen, they have been the most efficient organization for Ireland's benefit since the days of O'Connell. They do not, however, believe in going before the English parliament, shaking like street mendicants, with their palsied stricken arms craving for rights and justice. They believe in the good-giving element, standing erect like men and demanding that which has been refused by supplication. Call that physical force or what you may, it is the most effectual and will be pushed to the degree, if necessary, of accomplished merit. And let me say further, gentlemen, that the American nation may need much sooner the aid of the Fenian Brotherhood than they have at the present any idea of. I thank you, gentlemen, and ask you to excuse the hesitation and timidity with which I have tried to reply to the toast of that exceptionally fervent patriot who sprung the sentiment upon us. He is true, and in English for an Irish sentiment I say God bless him.

A. HOOLAN.

The Success which Hood's Sarsaparilla has had in freeing old and young from afflictions caused by impure blood, is really remarkable. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a building-up medicine.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, and do not purge, pain or gripe. Sold by all druggists.

FAMOUS IRISH AUTHORS.

Some of Ireland's Noted Writers of the Present Day.

Miss Nora Hopper, Lyrist, Folk-lorist, and Magazine Writer—Her "Ballads in Prose."

BY M. J. MURPHY.

Any country or race on the face of the earth might justly be proud of an effort such as is being made in behalf of Irish literature at the present day. Not only are the musty and time stained tomes of ancient Ireland being brought into the light of modern research and their contents given to the world by eminent scholars and antiquarians, but we see upspringing on every side, a corps of brilliant and able writers, people of education and exceptional talent, whose productions are not only sought after by the Irish reader but the English, Scotch and American.

In a recent issue of the *Yellow Book*, the latest and highest-priced of all the English magazines, we find two articles to which are appended the names of Irish writers. One of them is from the pen of Lionel Johnson, a prominent member of the Irish Literary Society of London and the editor of a quarterly periodical issued by that organization, and the other, "A Story and a Song," both on Irish subjects, thoroughly Celtic in style and written with all the ardor of a lover of bardic literature, is signed "Nora Hopper."

Miss Hopper was born at Mount Radnor, near Exeter, England, about twenty-four years ago. Her father, Capt. Harman Baillie Hopper, was born in Ireland and served as captain in the Thirty-first Bengal Native Infantry. Her mother, Caroline Augusta Frances, is a native of Wales. Celtic on both sides, Miss Hopper is endowed with that peculiar temperament of the race, which, highly imaginative in nature, is repelled by the hard, practical commonplaces and glaring sensualities of modern literature, and childlike, loves to thread the paths of Tir-na-nOg and gather the fairy blossoms sown in ancient days.

What a bitter wrong was perpetrated by the Saxon when he deprived us of our literature! What has he given us in return for the grand old tongue now fast passing into eternal night? Can his English ideas, cold and unsympathetic as his own granite heart, barren of poesy and fancy, cynical about the unknown and bleak as the winter wind, ever repay us for the loss of our ancient traditions and the dreams of another existence, in which man communed with the beautiful and lived amid the visions of a fairyland? No! a thousand times no! It was the golden age of Ireland when the flowers of imagination made life lovely; when traditions peopled her hills, her forests and her waters with myriads of supernatural beings and gave to her great pagan heroes that wonderful heaven, Tir-na-nOg. How singularly appropriate was its name, "The Land of Youth!" Within its golden walls, whose reflection was seen by the olden bards in the glorious West when the day-god sought his couch, all find their youth again. As we tread its paths in the freshness of boyhood, the rugged strength of full manhood or the senility of age, we return to the joys of our childhood. Our sorrows and cares are swept into oblivion and we dream in a misty, happy way—children once more.

How Miss Hopper has managed to keep aloof from the contaminating influences of the prosaic life of the British capital and retain her Celtic spirituality, is a mystery. Her work shows, however, that she has done so. In her book, "Ballads in Prose," she has given a work to Irish literature that is really a pioneer of its class. It is the advent of thoroughly Irish school of literature, as distinct in nationality as though it had been written in Gaelic by an ancient bard. Many of the views on the work have credited Miss Hopper with garnering a crop of ancient legends and reworking them. This is not the case, however, for but one of the tales is founded on an ancient theme, and that is the "Sorrow of Mananan." This tale is founded on a legendary poem and is the only one in the book not original in theme. Miss Hopper has used a number of little ideas which are common property in Irish folk-lore, such as in "Boholaun and I," where the rag-weed used as a fairy steed during the night returns to its proper shape the morning; in the "Lament of the Last Leprahaun," and in "Una of the West;" but even in the treatment of those ideas she is original. Every one who loves the old traditions must join in the "Lament of the Last Leprahaun"—

For the red shoon of the Shee,
For the falling of the leaf,
For the wind among the reeds,
My grief!

For the sorrow of the sea,
For the song's unquickened seeds,
For the sleeping of the Shee,
My grief!

For dishonored white-thorn tree,
For the runes that no man reads,
Where the grey stones face the sea,
My grief!

Lissakeole, that used to be
Filled with music night and noon,
For their ancient revelry,
My grief!

For the empty fairy shoon,
Hollow rath and and yellow leaf,
Hands unkissed to sun or moon,
My grief!

The highly-developed imagination that gave Ireland a folk-lore of vaster extant than any country in Europe, not excepting Germany, is the soul of the Irish intellect. It was this faith in the unseen, this belief in the supernatural that prepared the pagan natives of Ireland for the reception of the Christian doctrines. The minds of the people enabled to grasp the ideas of a future life and of an unseen God when St. Patrick came, and the phenomenon of an entire nation converted to a new religion without the loss of a single life, was the result. It is doubtful that in any other country in Europe the same phenomenon could occur. It certainly did not, and it most likely would not have occurred in Ireland had not the traditions of the race cultivated the souls of the people and made them fertile ground for the sowing of the seeds of Christianity. Miss Hopper has evidently gone over the ground pretty thoroughly, for we find a poem with the early Christian monks as a them. When St. Columbcille colonized Iona he would not allow cattle to be pastured in the valleys, on the ground that where there were cows there were sure to be milkmaids. One of the lay-brothers, supposed to be looking down on the lonely vale, gives vent to his grief in the following—"Lament of the Lay-Brother" (A. D. 598):

Iona, O Iona,
My days go sad and slow,
For 'mid your island meadows
I hear no cattle low.
I miss the friends of Kerry,
The green fields and the kine,
And in my brother's chanting
I heard no voice of mine—
Iona, O Iona!

Iona, O Iona,
My mates are glad of cheer,
But I, the Kerry peasant,
Dwell sad and lonely here.
I send an exile's sighing
Across the sundering sea;
O would I were in Kerry,
Or the kine were here with me!
Iona, O Iona!

Iona, O Iona,
My mates are glad of cheer,
But I, the Kerry peasant,
Dwell sad and lonely here.
I send an exile's sighing
Across the sundering sea;
O would I were in Kerry,
Or the kine were here with me!
Iona, O Iona!

Iona, O Iona,
The Saint sleeps well, I trow,
Nor dreams that one poor brother's
Heartbroke for Ireland now—
Heartbroke to be a herd-boy
And watch the cattle feed,
And call the cattle homewards
Across the darkening mead.
Iona, O Iona!

Iona, O Iona,
All summer swallows stay
About your towers; the seagulls
To Ireland take their way.
And would, I cry with weeping,
The seagulls' road were mine—
To hear and see the lowing,
The kind eyes of the kine!
Iona, O Iona!

Some of the little gems in this collection have gone the round of the American papers. The following poem was published in the New York *Tribune* and many other periodicals, but the whole of it was not given. It is worthy of a full reproduction, however, as it is a magnificent word picture of an Irish springtime—

"Half sunshine, half tears"—

as Samuel Lover so well described it. Miss Hopper is very clever in her descriptions, and these little verses, "April in Ireland," are a good specimen of that power:

She hath a woven garland all of the sighing sedge,
And all her flowers are snowdrops grown on the winter's edge:
The golden looms of Tir na n' Og wove all the winter through
Her gown of mist and raindrops shot with a cloudy blue.

Sunlight she holds in one hand and rain she scatters after,
And through the rainy twilight we hear her fitful laughter.
She shakes down on her flowers the snow less white than they,
Then quickens with her kisses the folded "Knots o' May."

She seeks the summer lover that never shall be hers,
Fain for gold leaves of autumn she passes by the furze,
Though buried gold it hideth; she scorns her sedgy crown,
And pressing blindly sunwards she treads her snowdrops down.

Her gifts are all a fardel of wayward smiles and tears,
Yet hope she also holdeth, this daughter of the years,—
A hope that blossoms set upon sorrow's edge:
She hath a woven garland all of the sighing sedge.

One of the most charming of the sketches in the volume is "Boholaun and I," which is intended as a pendent to the old Fenian tale of Diarmuid and Grainne. This latter is one of the most noted of all the bardic stories and is known as one of the "Three Sorrows of Story Telling." It is on the psychological order and represents the story-teller, into whose body the spirit of Diarmuid has passed, being visited by the spirit of Grainne. In all of the romances and sketches in the collection the style is excellent and strongly characteristic of the bardic legends. Miss Hopper has begun in "Ballads in Prose," what is a distinctive style of English composition; it is the subservience of the English language in making a national school of Irish literature—an excellent way of converting the Saxon.

This little volume is not the first of Miss Hopper's literary efforts. She began writing at the age of 17 and her compositions have found their way into such papers and magazines as *Household Words, The Lyceum, Sketch Life, Sylvia, Atalanta, Longman's, MacMillan's, All the Year Round, Chambers, The National Observer*, and latterly the *Yellow Book*, which is published by John Lane, The Bodley Head, Vigo street, London, W., who is also the publisher of Miss Hopper's book. "Ballads in Prose" is a delightful book and can be recommended, not only for its quaintness of style and patriotic purpose, but for the weird interest in the many sketches it contains. It is published in the United States by Roberts Bros. of Boston, Mass., and costs a dollar and a quarter.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Before a Critical Canadian Audience.

His voice was deep, sweet, resonant. The range of it was not large, for any approach to the higher notes resulted in harshness, which invariably sent him back to the lower register. He had a quick ear. The introductory was simple but fetching. It fetched that audience, anyway, from the remote corner of suspicion and prejudice in which it had sheltered itself against the possible fascinations of the orator. The exact words I do not recall, but the sentiment was as follows, Phillips being well acquainted with Quintillian's rules for winning an audience: "It is over two decades since I stood under the folds of the flag which flies over the Dominion of Canada. I remember the occasion well. The war which recently rent my country in twain for a period had not yet begun, and we were struggling with great issues. I had reason to visit the city of Kingston; and as I stepped on the dock and saw before me the citadel surmounted with the British flag, I paused. I had little love for it; it had once done grievous injury to me and mine; great crimes against humanity were represented by its blood red; it had a great history, and millions loved and hated it, but forgetful alike of its crimes and its glories, as I saw it I thanked the god of freemen that on the American continent there was one flag whose domain held not a single human slave."

A thrill shot through the audience, and brightened it as a flood of sunlight might have brightened a glacier; it was so surprising, so flattering, so true, so American! A little apologetic ripple of applause flew over the hall and died away again; but Phillips knew that he had his audience in his vest pocket, as it were, and from that moment he proceeded to do as he pleased with them.—*John Talbot Smith, in Donahoe's Magazine for Easter.*

SEVENTH INFANTRY.

The following elections will be held on Monday night, April 15: For major of the First Battalion; for first lieutenant of Company H, and for second lieutenant of Company F. It is to be hoped that the men elected to fill the vacancies will be a credit to the regiment.

The new company which Lieut. M. E. Cassidy has been organizing was mustered into the service of the State on Thursday, April 11. There are seventy men in the company. It was mustered in as Company I. We wish the new company every measure of success.

It is expected that Company K will be mustered in next week. Capt. Hyland has been very busy organizing, and has fifty-three men on the list. Col. Francis T. Colby has been detailed as the mustering officer.

This Means Business.

On the principal lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway passenger trains are electric lighted, steam-heated and protected by block signals. With these modern appliances, railway traveling at high speeds has reached a degree of safety heretofore unknown and not attainable on roads where they are not in use. Electric lights and steam heat make it possible to dispense with the oil lamp and the car stove. Block signals have reduced the chances for collision to the minimum by maintaining an absolute interval of space between trains.

THE PRESENT DUTY

Of Every Good Citizen

Is to inspect the work upon the Drainage Canal, thirteen miles of which lying along the Chicago & Alton Railroad, between Summit and Lemont, has reached a point when inspection has become intensely interesting, instructive and exceedingly pleasurable. The visitor can see in active operation hydraulic dredges, steam shovels, steam hoists, steam drills, channeling machines, high-power derricks, cantilever conveyors and innumerable mechanical devices for rapid and economical excavation. The work is pronounced by experts to be more interesting than the construction of the Suez or Panama Canals. It is as large and expensive an undertaking as the building of the World's Fair.

The Chicago & Alton Railroad sells low rate round trip excursion tickets, from Chicago to all points on its line as far south as Lemont, every Saturday and Sunday. The territory thus covered by the reduced rates embraces the entire length of the most interesting portions of the Drainage Canal, as well as a number of places along the beautiful Desplaines river, particularly suited for family and party picnics, fishing excursions and individual summer outings. For further particulars, tickets, time of trains, etc., call on or address R. Somerville, City Passenger & Ticket Agent, Chicago & Alton Railroad, 195 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

INCOME TAX CASES.

SUPREME COURT MAKES NO DECISION ON MAIN QUESTION.

There Being Four Who Believe the Tax, Unconstitutional and Four Who Hold Opposite Views—The Law as a Whole Therefore Stands, but Incomes from Rents and State, County and Municipal Bonds Are Exempted.

WASHINGTON, April 9.—After almost a month of deliberation the United States supreme court rendered its decision yesterday in the income tax cases, deciding by a divided court the law to be valid, except regarding the incomes derived from rents and from certain bonds, on which point the decision was that the tax was unconstitutional. The interest which had characterized the case from the beginning was made manifest by an unusual attendance of people in the court room. The space is limited at best, but every available seat inside and outside the bar was occupied, and many were turned away because the chamber could not accommodate all who applied for admission.

Absence of Jackson Made a Tie.

There was only one member of the bench absent—Justice Jackson, who has not been able to attend upon the court since last fall, and who has not participated in the consideration of the case in any way. It is to his absence that the even division of the court on the majority of the propositions involved in the case is due. If he had been present such a result would have been impossible, and the opinion would have included a decision of all the points involved instead of only the two. Chief Justice Fuller, after making a few routine announcements, began at 12:05 to read the court's decree in the case of Charles Pollock versus the Farmers' Loan and Trust company, and others. This was the first in order of the cases against the trust companies and the conclusions reached in it apply also to the case of Hyde versus The Continental Trust company, as the questions at issue are the same in both cases.

Objections of the Appellants.

The delivery of the opinion consumed an hour's time, and all present gave the closest attention. Chief Justice Fuller began with a brief reference to the question of jurisdiction in the case. This point had, he said, been frequently referred to, but he dismissed it by saying that as the question had not been raised in the court below, and had been waived in the argument of the case in the supreme court, there appeared no objection to considering the case purely on its merits. Proceeding to this end he gave his attention to the objections to the law as made by the appellant, quoting the principal ones as follows:

1. That the act imposes a direct tax in respect of the real estate, rents, issues and profits, as well as of the income and profits of personal property, and not being apportioned is in violation of section 9 of article 1 of the constitution.

2. That the law, if not imposing a direct tax, is nevertheless unconstitutional in that its provisions are not uniform throughout the United States, and do not operate with the same force and effect upon the subject of the tax, wherever found, or in that it provides exemptions in favor of individuals and co-partnerships while denying all exemptions to corporations having similar incomes derived from like property and values, and provides for other exemptions and inequalities in violation of section 8 of article 1 of the constitution.

3. That the act provides no exemption of the tax upon in comes derived from the stocks and bonds of states of the United states and counties and municipalities therein, which stocks and bonds are not proper subjects for the taxing power of congress. The income from these securities in the United States amounts to over $65,000,000 per annum on which the total annual income tax would be $1,300,000.

The body of the opinion was devoted to the consideration of the question from a constitutional point of view, and involved a very elaborate definition of the meaning of the phrase "direct taxes" and also a construction of the constitutional requirement as to apportionment. This made necessary a review of many former opinions of the court, a number of which, including the Hylton and Springer cases, were quoted from at length and commented upon. He said that under the constitution federal taxes were divided into direct taxes and duties, imposts and excises, and laid down the rule that direct taxes should under that instrument be governed by the rule of apportionment among the several states according to population.

Status of the Law at Present.

On the question of direct taxation and as to the tax on state, county and municipal bonds the court made a decision. On the other questions involved it was evenly divided and the ruling of the court below, which sustained the law, obtains. The court decides that its invalidity on the points decided does not affect any part of the law but those points—in other words, the law is operative except as to those points.

SUMMARY OF THE DECISION.

Where the Court Agreed and Where It Was Hopelessly Divided.

The following is a succinct synopsis of the opinion as delivered by Chief Justice Fuller:

"1. That by the constitution federal taxation is divided into two great classes: direct taxes and duties, imposts and excises.

"2. The imposition of the direct tax is governed by the rule of apportionment among the several states, according to numbers, and the imposition of duties, imposts and excises by the rule of uniformity throughout the United States.

"3. That the principle that taxation and representation go together was intended to be and was preserved in the constitution by the establishment of the rule of apportionment among the several states, so that such apportionment should be according to numbers in each state.

"4. That the states surrendered their powers to levy imposts and to regulate commerce to the general government and gave it the concurrent power to levy direct taxes in reliance on the protection afforded by the rules prescribed, and that the compromises of the constitution cannot be disturbed by legislative action.

"5. That these conclusions result from the text of the constitution and are supported by the historical evidence furnished by the circumstances surrounding the framing and adoption of that instrument and the views of those who framed and adopted it.

"6. That the understanding and expectation at the time of the adoption of the constitution was that direct taxes would not be levied by the general government except under the pressure of extraordinary exigency, and such has been the practice down to Aug. 15, 1894. If the power to do so is to be exercised as an ordinary and usual means of supply, that fact furnishes and additional reason for circumspection in disposing of the present case.

"7. The taxes on real estate belong to the class of direct taxes, and that the taxes on the rent or income of real estate, which is the incident of its ownership, belong to the same class.

"8. That by no previous decision of this court has this question been adjudicated to the contrary of the conclusions now announced.

"9. That so much of the act of Aug. 15, 1894, as attempts to impose a tax upon the rent or income of real estate without apportionment is invalid.

"The court is further of the opinion that the act of Aug. 15, 1894, is invalid so far as it attempts to levy a tax upon the income derived from municipal bonds. As a municipal corporation is the representative of the state and one of the instrumentalities of the state government, the property and revenues of municipal corporations are not subjects of federal taxation, nor is the income derived from state, county and municipal securities, since taxation on the interest therefrom operates on the power to borrow before it is exercised and has a sensible influence on the contract, and therefore such a tax is a tax on the power of the states and their instrumentalities to borrow money, and consequently repugnant to the constitution.

"Upon each of the other petitions argued at the bar, to wit: First, as to whether the void provisions as to rents and incomes from real estate invalidates the whole act; second, whether as to the income from personal property as such the act is unconstitutional as laying direct taxes; third, whether any part of the tax, if not considered as a direct tax, is invalid for want of uniformity on either of the grounds suggested, the justices who heard the arguments are equally divided, and therefore no opinion is expressed."

FIELD AND WHITE DISSENT.

Wide Difference, However, in the Views of the Two Justices.

There were two dissenting opinions, one by Field and one by White, but their grounds could hardly have been less similar. Justice Field's opinion was largely devoted to a review of the provisions regarding rents and was a vigorous denunciation of the principle sought to be established by the income tax law, his conclusions being in conformity with those announced by the chief justice. He also attacked the law on account of the lack of uniformity and dwelt upon its exemptions and discriminations, which was, he said, class legislation—the exemptions of savings banks, mutual insurance companies and building and loan associations. He quoted census figures to show the extent of the operations of these companies and said that if these facts were not convincing congress could not be convinced "Though one rise from the dead." He took issue with those who contended that there could be no legitimate limitation upon the power of congress to impose taxes. He concluded by declaring the entire law unconstitutional.

White took the opposite view as to direct taxation, holding that to tax rents was not direct, nor could he see how the chief justice could interpret the decisions of the past in favor of the opinion he read. He thought the opinion just read overthrew a long line of decisions. Congress had, he held, unlimited power of taxation. The question was whether the income tax was a direct tax and that had been decided in the negative 100 years ago. Justice Harlan also dissented to the proposition that tax on rents derived from lands is a direct tax.

One claim of White was that a suit cannot be maintained to enjoin the collection of a tax, because by the text of a statute such a right is denied. The issue was evaded by the injunction being asked against the corporation to restrain it from paying a tax. Justice White thought this an attempt to do by indirection what was forbidden by the law. The proper way to fight the law was to pay the tax under protest and then sue for its recovery.

ROCK ISLAND TRAIN HELD UP.

Passengers Robbed, but Express Matter Escapes—One Robber Killed.

TOPEKA, Kas., April 5.—The Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific passenger train No. 1 was held up near Dover, O. T., by unmasked bandits, and the passengers of the smoker, day coach and chair car were relieved of their valuables. Express Messenger Jones was wounded in the left wrist, but he steadfastly refused to open the safe in his car and the booty secured by the robbers as a consequence was very small. Messenger Jones gives this account of the hold-up: "When the train was brought to a standstill I opened the door of the express car to see what was up. At that instant I saw seven men rise up from the grass in a little ravine along the track. One of the robbers shouted to me: 'Take your head back or I'll shoot it off.' I slammed the door and locked it.

"Then the robbers opened fire on the car, at least 100 bullets perforating it. I was sitting on a mail sack with my Winchester across my knee when I was struck in the left wrist and leg by a bullet. My arm fell limp to my side. Then the robbers smashed in the door and worked fully an hour trying to open the safe. Failing in this they all went back and robbed the passengers." A posse of officers immediately started after the robbers, and news comes from Hennessey of a fight between the robbers and deputy sheriffs on the Cimaroon river.

The pursuing party, under command of Marshal Madsen, came upon the robbers as they were hunting a crossing and immediately opened fire, killing one robber and wounding another. The robbers were taken unawares and fired at random at their assailants, none of their shots taking effect. The dead man was identified as "Rattlesnake Bill," a dangerous territory outlaw.

Governor of Delaware Dead.

WILMINGTON, April 9.—Governor Marvil died at 9:15 o'clock last night. His death makes a Wm. Thorpe Watson governor of this state.

New Chicago Mayor in Charge.

CHICAGO, April 9.—Mayor George B. Swift took the reins of municipal government from the hands of John P. Hopkins last night.

DOWN FORTY FEET.

INSTANT DEATH FOR FOUR PEOPLE IN OHIO.

Two Others Fatally Wounded—A Trestle Gives Way, Letting the Train Into the Chasm—Freight Wreck Near Alton, Ills. —Eight Fatal Casualties.

SOMERFIELD, O., April 6.—The morning passenger train No. 538 on the Bellaire, Zanesville and Cincinnati railroad, consisting of engine, baggage car and passenger coach, left here on time and moved along nicely until the train reached trestle No. 98, near Whigville, when the coach jumped the track, ran a short distance into the trestle and turned over, drawing the engine and baggage car down with the trestle. The engine turned end-for-end and the coach turned bottom up with sides crushed in. There were four killed outright as follows: Eli Lucas, engineer, Somerfield, O.; Henry Brown, passenger, Bealsville, O.; Mrs. Nathan Young and little daughter, Somerfield, O.

Two Persons Fatally Hurt.

The injured are as follows: Jesse Jones, fatally injured, Sommerfield, O.; Nathan Young, fatally injured, Sommerfield, O.; Joseph Denoon, seriously injured, Barnesville, O.; Frank Holland, baggagemaster, leg broken, Sommerfield, O. The fireman, Jesse Jones, was pinioned beneath the overturned engine and was badly cut and scalded when found. He cannot live. Nathan Young was rescued from the coach, but he cannot live. No examination was made of his injuries, as he is in a precarious condition. The four killed were killed outright. The engine and cars are a total wreck and also the trestle. The trestle over which the train overturned was about forty feet high.

The road is a narrow-gauge and does but litte business, being just able to meet running expenses. The trestle is a double-decked one, fully forty feet high, and consists of seventeen bents crossing a stream. It is built on a curve, so that after dragging the coach more than half way across the structure the engine, too, was pulled from the track and both car and engine toppled into the ravine below, carrying down three bents of the trestle. The car was smashed to kindling wood.

Both Jones and Engineer Lucas could have saved themselves by jumping, as no great speed is attained by the small engines in service on the road, but they choose rather to remain at their posts. Jones was a foundling reared in one of the infirmaries along the line of the road. He showed a disposition to get on in the and was also a favorite on the road.

WILL BE THE DEATH OF EIGHT.

Four Killed and Four Fatally Wounded in a Wreck in Illinois.

ALTON, April 6.—A freight train was wrecked on the Alton road at Wood River bridge, three miles east of Alton. On the train were sixty laborers and tramps, most of whom had just quit work on the drainage canal near Chicago. The killed are: David Hefly, Watertown, Wis.; Frank Harreman, Philadelphia; Charles Bell, Springfield, Ills., and Henry Blitz, New Orleans. Fatally injured: John Moran, Springfield, Mass., terribly cut and bruised, totally paralyzed; Thomas Cotts, has no home, right arm broken, head badly cut and chest crushed; C. W. Schroeder, Argentine, Kan., right arm broken, also both legs, internal injuries; Henry Glass, Pennsylvania, jaw broken, shoulder dislocated, collar-bone broken, and head badly cut.

The other injured are; Martin Pickens, Chicago, back sprained, cuts on head; John Carrs, Cincinnati, scalp cut; Harry Williams, Toledo, leg crushed; Theodore Hunt, no home, ankle crushed; Will Willet, Dallas, Tex., head and shoulders hurt; James Hart, no home, head, legs and back cut; Charles Custer, Lima, O., hip broken, back cut; Robert Seal, New York city, ankle crushed and kneecap dislocated; Otto Schdet, no home, internal injuries, seriously hurt.

The accident occurred on Wood river bridge, which is an open structure, seventy-five feet above the water. There is a down grade here and the engineer applied air brakes to the front cars as is customary.

In the middle of the train was an empty flat car, and back of this a number of heavily laden box cars. When the air was applied the heavy cars forced the flat car off the track, and in an instant fourteen cars went over the bridge. The scene following was one of heartrending distress. It was yet dark and chaos reigned. The injured were brought to the hospital here. The wreck is on the "cut-off," so that the trains were not delayed. None of the train crew was hurt, as the middle cars only went over the bridge.

The Explosion at New Orleans.

NEW ORLEANS, April 6.—At this writing but four bodies have been recovered from the ruins of the explosion which took place from some unknown cause at the corner of Decatur and Ursuline streets, in a two-story brick building containing two stores and rooms on the ground floor. One of these was occupied by Emile Boulet as a drinking saloon; the other by Charles Salathe, who keeps a grocery and ship chandlery. The bodies found are those of Charles Salathe and his wife, Felix Rigot, a barkeeper, and James Edwards, employe of a fish stand.

The last body recovered was that of the babe of Salathe. Two other children were slightly hurt, but it seems that none else was injured. The cause was accidental.

Trial of Oscar Wilde.

LONDON, April 8.—Oscar Wild was arraigned in court on charges of immoral conduct and the first witness testified so terribly against him that his counsel asked that the cross-examination be postponed, as he was surprised at the testimony. Other witnesses corroborated the first and the case looks very black for Wilde. The statement made by Lord Douglas of Hawick that none of the family, except the Marquis of Queensbury, believes the charges againt Wilde is authoritatively denied, as nearly all the family believes in their truth.

Goes Generally Republican.

PROVIDENCE, April 4.—The election in Rhode Island for state officers was very quiet, little or no interest being taken. Voting almost everywhere favored the Republican candidates. Charles Warren Lippitt, (Rep.) was elected governor over George L. Littlefield (Dem.), by 10,600 plurality. The next assembly will include thirty-two Republican senators, sixty-nine Republican representatives, three Democratic senators and three Democratic representatives. This is a gain of one senator for the Democrats.

COAL MINE DISASTER.

Explosion in the State of Washington Causes Twenty-One Deaths.

TACOMA, Wash., April 9.—A Leader special from New Whatcom gives these details of a coal mine explosion: An explosion of fire damp in Blue Canon coal mine on Lake Whatcom yesterday afternoon killed twenty-one men. W. A. Telford came from the mine last night. He was at the bunkers when the explosion occurred. He went to the incline and found James Kearns at the mouth of the shaft nearly dead with exhaustion. Kearns said all in the mine were dead. He had carried Ben Morgan as far as he was able and then left him. Morgan, he thought, was dead. Kearns and Gellum were the only ones who had escaped out of twenty-three men who were at work. Tom Valentine and J. O. Anderson were the incline men and they escaped. At the switch of the gangway, 800 feet from the mouth of the tunnel, Ecklund and Telford found the body of George Roberts, and beyond were thirty loaded cars which were blown from the track.

They next found the body of Ben Morgan, who was dropped by Kearns, Ecklund and others. They were unable to go beyond room 21, 500 feet from the angle of the tunnel and gangway. Their safety lamps went out and the gas drove them back. In room 21 they found the bodies of Thomas Conlin and James Kirby. It is supposed that in addition to the four found seventeen perished. The gas was so thick that the rescuing party was able to stay only for a few minutes.

The dead men with families are: D. Y. Jones, superintendent; James Kirby, Andrew Anderson, James McAndrew, Charles Silverman and Mike Zeliiski. The single men are: Lucius Latka, E. P. Chare, Thomas Conlin, George Roberts, Ben Morgan, John Williams, Alex Henderson, William Evans, Isaac Johnson, William Lyster, Charles Ramburg, Samuel Olson, J. A. Morgan and Martin Blum. Safety lamps were used everywhere out in the gangway. The tunnel is 800 feet long and the gangway 1,000 feet long and has twenty-six rooms opening from it. The fans were kept running all the time and the cause of the explosion is unknown.

ON THE FIELD OF SHILOH.

Exercises Commemorating the Great Battle Held in the Memorial Church.

SHILOH, Tenn., April 8.—A cloudless sky greeted the thousands of the blue and gray who assembled at the little church of Shiloh at the thirty-third anniversary of that bloody battle. A new frame memorial church stands where the little log church stood on that memorable day when 80,000 men strove for the mastery. The grand stand erected for the occasion was canopied by the nation's flag. "Welcome to the Blue and the Gray" was painted on the front of the stand, while within, on a blue background, were the memorable words of President Grant: "Let us Have Peace."

There were present Generals Prentiss, Buell, Joe Wheeler and A. P. Stewart. General McClernand and Senator Harris were absent on account of sickness. The exercises opened with a short speech by General Prentiss, the hero of "The Hornet's Nest," the hottest contested part of the battle. Generals Wheeler and Stewart and Captain Paine, who had been assigned to the duty by a meeting of the Confederate veterans, welcomed the boys in blue.

After a prayer by Rev. I. S. Bailey, of Iowa, Generals Buell and Prentiss entertained the veterans with reminiscenes of the battle, going into the details of the fight and in conclusion congratulating all upon the good-feeling that was everywhere manifested. The crowd present numbers about 10,000 people.

Quincy Girl Weds an Englishman.

LONDON, April 9.—The Times this morning announces the marriage in London on Saturday of Miss Mary Paullin, daughter of the late David Paullin, of Quincy, Ills., to Colonel Wardrop, British military attache at Vienna.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, April 8.

Money on call easy at 2 per cent. Prime mercantile paper 4¾@5½ per cent. Sterling exchange quiet, shade easier, with actual business in bankers' bills at 489½@489¾ for demand and 488@488¼ for sixty days; posted rates 488½@489½ and 490@490½; commercial bills 487½@487¾.

Silver certificates, 66⅝; sales 20,000; bar silver, 66¼. Mexican dollars, 52¼.

United States government bonds steady; new 4's reg. 123⅛; do coupons, 123⅛; 5's reg. 115¾; 5's coupons, 115¾; 4's reg. 111⅝; 4's coupons, 112; 2's reg. 95; Pacific 6's of '95, 100 bid.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, April 8.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—April, opened 54⅛c, closed 54⅛c; May, opened 55c, closed 55c; July, opened 56¼c, closed 56⅝c. Corn—April, nominal, closed 45½c; May, opened 45⅝c, closed 45⅝c; July, opened 47⅛c, closed 46⅞c. Oats—April, nominal, closed 28½c; May, opened 29⅛c, closed 29¼c; June, opened 29⅝c, closed 29⅛c. Pork—May, opened $12.02½, closed $11.92½; July, opened $12.20, closed $12.05. Lard—May, opened $6.87½, closed $6.87½.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 20c per lb; extra dairy, 18c; fresh packing stock, 6@7c. Eggs—Fresh stock, loss off, 11½c per dozen. Live Poultry—Chickens, 8c per lb; turkeys, 7@11½c; ducks, 10@11c; geese, $4.00@5.00 per dozen. Potatoes—Burbanks, fair to choice, 65@75 per bushel; Hebrons, 65@70c; Peerless, 62@65c; mixed stock, 57@67. Seed stock—Early Ohio, 82@85c. Sweet Potatoes—Illinois, common to choice, $1.50@2.25 per bbl. Cranberries—Jerseys, $2.00@2.75 per box. Apples—Fair to choice, $2.50@4.00 per bbl. Honey—White clover, 1-lb sections, new stock, 13½@14c; broken comb, 10@12c; dark comb, poor packages, 8c; strained California, 5@6c.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, April 8.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day 13,000; sales ranged at $4.00@4.90 pigs, $4.80@5.15 light, $4.75@4.95 rough packing, $4.85@5.30 mixed, and $5.00@5.40 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day 11,000; quotations ranged at $5.85@6.40 choice to extra shipping steers, $5.40@5.80 good to choice ditto, $4.90@5.35 fair to good, $4.30@4.85 common to medium ditto, $4.00@4.50 butchers' steers, $2.70@3.80 stockers, $3.80@4.75 feeders, $1.75@3.80 cows, $3.25@5.00 heifers, $2.50@5.00 bulls, $3.25@5.65 Texas steers, and $2.50@5.50 veal calves.

Sheep—Estimated receipts for the day 11,000; sales ranged at $3.00@5.00 westerns, $2.50@4.40 Texas, $2.00@5.15 natives, and $3.75@6.15 lambs.

St. Louis Grain.

ST. LOUIS, April 8.

Wheat—Cash, 54⅜c bid; April, 54⅜c nominal; May, 54⅝c bid; July, 54⅞c bid. Corn—Cash, 43⅛c bid; April, 43⅛c nominal; May, 43⅞@43⅝c; July, 44⅛c; September, 44⅝@44⅞c. Oats—Cash, 30⅛c; April 30⅛c nominal; May, 29⅞@30c; June, 29⅝@30c asked; July 29c bid; September, 23½c bid.

STATE LAWMAKERS.

SYNOPSIS OF PROCEEDINGS IN THE LEGISLATURE.

What the Senators and Representatives Are Doing for the Benefit of Their Constituents—Bills and Resolutions Introduced—Other News of General Interest.

SPRINGFIELD, April 4.—The Illinois legislature is again at work. The senate passed the Torrens land title bill on reconsideration, with only three dissenting votes—Campbell of Hamilton, Crawford and Howell. Bills were passed appropriating $50,000 to pay the employes of the Thirty-ninth general assembly; appropriating money to purchase missing volumes of the supreme court records in Cumberland, Jersey, and Fulton counties, and fixing the time of holding the circuit court in other counties than Cook. A large number of bills were advanced on the calendar. The house took up house bills on second reading and continued on that order till adjournment. A large number were advanced. The house committee on license killed the bill providing for local option in cities of less than 5,000 inhabitants.

SPRINGFIELD, April 5.—The senate passed the bills to tax legacies, making 25 per cent. of wages subject to garnishee, and placing the military schools of the state under state inspection. The bill to allow coal companies to combine in order to raise wages was postponed. Many bills were advanced on the calendar, among them one appropriating $25,000 for a statue to Marquette. The house agreed to a military bill appropriating $62,000 to uniform and equip the militia. The bill to assess the stock of building and loan associations was advanced to third readidg. Many petitions against the pool bills were filed. The house revenue committee ordered a favorable report on the bill to repeal the laws enabling Roman Catholic bishops to hold real estate as a corporation sole. It was stated that the bishop of Chicago holds $65,000,000 in property in this state.

SPRINGFIELD, April 6.—In the senate the bill providing for the incorporation and regulation of pawner's societies and limiting the rate of interest on pledges was postponed one week. After advancing several bills on calendar the senate adjourned till Monday. In the house a report was made recommending the passage of the so-called "anti-Catholic" bill. It was recommitted to the committee on education. After advancing several bills on the calendar the house adjourned till Monday. Merriam, the author of the bill, was indignant at the action on the "anti-Catholic" bill. He said there was nothing sectarian in the measure. He would oppose any such control of property as Roman bishops held by any church official.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., April 9.—No business was transacted in the state senate. In the house the arbitration bill and the bill providing for clerks for judges of the supreme court were made special orders for today. The union label bill was made special order for Thursday. Adjourned.

HEAVY POSTOFFICE ROBBERY.

Eight Thousand Dollars Worth of Stamps Stolen at Springfield, Ills.

SPRINGFIELD, April 4.—The Springfield postoffice was mysteriously robbed of stamps of various denominations aggregating about $8,000 in value. The robbery was probably committed about 1 o'clock, but was not discovered until 5 o'clock. The stamps were taken from a vault in the private room of Postmaster Ridgely during his absence to dinner, and what makes it appear so mysterious is the fact that the door leading to the room, the inner door of the vault from which the stamps were taken and both windows of the room were locked and no violence was used.

New State Bank Authorized.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., April 9.—The auditor of public accounts has issued a permit to J. H. Eversole, W. J. Hearn and H. F. Stacey to organize the Hindsboro State bank, at Hindsboro, Douglass county. Capital stock, $30,000.

Counterfeit Postage Stamps.

CHICAGO, April 9.—It is reported here that secret service men have discovered that the 2 cent postage stamp has been counterfeited, and possibly millions of them sold as genuine.

Notes of the State.

George Perry, a barber, while watching an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" car on a siding at Mattoon, Ills., was struck by an incoming freight train on the Big Four road and fatally mangled, dying in half an hour.

Near Macomb, Ills., Miss Hattie Davidson was shot and seriously wounded by Lewis Anderson because she refused to marry him.

Mrs. John Coventry, wife of the leading hardware merchant of Shelbyville, Ills. cut her throat with a pocket knife.

Suicides: At Turner, Ills., Charles Johnson; at Goshen, Ind., Sylvester Heaton; at Waterloo, Wis., Mrs. Sarah Leary; at Fairbury, Ills., Mrs. Mary Oltman; at Shelbyville, Ills., Mrs. John Coventry.

At Decatur, Ills., Z. Hollingsworth lost nine head of valuable horses by fire, besides a lot of other property, on which there was no insurance.

A Chicago corporation has options on considerable tracts of land in Will county, Ills., near New Lenox and Spencer and the intersection of the Wabash and Rock Island railroads. The purpose of the proposed purchase is supposed to be the establishment of a manufacturing center.

The elevator and granary of Hasenwinkle & Cox, at Hudson, Ills., was burned. Loss, $15,000; insured.

No Need for Extra Session.

WASHINGTON, April 8.—The president, on being asked whether, in view of the decision of the supreme court on the income tax law an extra session of congress would be called, said that neither he nor the secretary of the treasury saw any necessity for such action, and that unless there was an unexpected change in conditions he had no idea that congress would meet again before the time appointed for its regular session.

The Murder of Sallie Dean.

BALTIMORE, April 8—Marshall E. Price, arrested in Harmony, Caroline county, for the murder of Sallie Dean, 14-year-old school girl, has made a confession. He states that he was an accessory to the crime, but that Grant Cochran, a school teacher, was the principal in the commission of the murder. Cochran faced his accuser and in the presence of detectives stoutly declared his innocence.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, April 3.

At Watonga, O. T., Al Evans and Doctor Babb, bedfellows, quarreled in bed, and Evans drew a revolver from under the pillow and killed Babb.

L. N. Bailey, deputy county assessor, and his companion, J. B. Brackett, who were supposed to have been lost on the Yuma desert, have arrived at Coyote Wells.

A bill has been introduced in the Delaware legislature to tax bachelors for the support of a home for old maids.

Julius Schwabacher, son of the millionaire distiller, who a year ago was caught robbing the residence of Mrs. Frank Bell, at Peoria, Ills., has been found guilty and sentenced to five years in the Joliet penitentiary.

The Colorado legislature adjourned early yesterday morning. One of the most important measures sent to the governor is one by Mrs. Cressingham, providing a bounty of $1 a ton on beet sugar raised in the state.

Addison B. Youman, Republican, has been elected mayor of Winona, Minn.

Thursday, April. 4.

John B. Koetting, ex-cashier of the South Side Savings Bank of Milwaukee, will have to go to prison. He was convicted of receiving deposits after the bank was insolvent, and sentenced for five years. He took his case to the state supreme court and has lost.

The Pittsburg and Cincinnati packet Iron Queen was totally destroyed by fire at Antiquity, twelve miles above Pomeroy, O. One colored chambermaid was lost, the name not obtainable. The boat was valued at $20,000, and had a good cargo.

The Grand Pacific hotel at Chicago is only a memory now. It was permanently closed yesterday.

Major A. J. Hamilton, who was the originator and carried out the plan of escape of a number of Union officers from Libby prison during the war was killed at Morganfield, Ky., in a row in a saloon.

Friday, April. 5.

In the Stiles divorce case at Chicago Judge Ewing denied both parties what they sought, declaring that the proof was insufficient. Stiles' lawyers immediately asked leave to amend the bill by giving proof of Mrs. Stiles' conduct since last January, and this point will be argued.

The report that the Robinson Crusoe, in which were Messrs. Ziegler and Wells, prominent New York men, had been wrecked and her passengers drowned is not correct. Yacht and passengers are all safe.

William Lake is the latest murderer to suffer death in the New York electric chair. He barbarously murdered a servant girl named Hunt, near Carlton, N. Y., in October, 1894.

Evidence in the libel case of Oscar Wilde against the Marquis of Queensbury is such that it is unprintable.

Prince Bismarck recently said to an American that one of his greatest regrets was that he had never had an opportunity of visiting this country.

Smallpox is spreading at Shawneetown, Ills. Five new cases have been reported.

A cat show has opened at Milwaukee with a large and varied exhibition of tabbies and Toms of high degree.

Saturday April. 6.

The directors of the Lick Observatory are advised that the Hon. Edward Crossley, lately member of parliament for Halifax, England, proposes to present to the observatory his great three-foot reflecting telescope with its dome and all parts.

An excursion train will be run over the Lexington and Eastern railroad to Jackson, Ky., Friday, July 31, on account of the thousands who want to see "Tom" Smith hanged for murdering Dr. Rader. If the hanging does not take place a lynching will.

Ex-Census Superintendent Robert P. Porter has purchased the Cleveland World, for which he paid in the neighborhood of $200,000.

Another convention of Central American countries for the purpose of forming a union is likely to be held this year.

Judge Ewing, at Chicago, refused to reopen the Stiles divorce case on allegations that Crane and Mrs. Stiles were occupying the same house at St. Charles, Ills. An appeal will be taken by Stiles' lawyers.

The row in the Claus Spreckles family, at San Francisco, is growing interesting. The latest phase is a suit for damages for libel brought by Gus Spreckles against his father.

Monday, April 8.

The Milwaukee cat show has closed. It was a success in every respect.

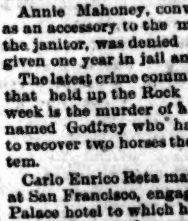
Annie Mahoney, convicted at Chicago as an accessory to the murder of Barnes, the janitor, was denied a new trial and given one year in jail and a fine of $500.

The latest crime committed by the things that held up the Rock Island train last week is the murder of a Baptist preacher named Godfrey who had followed them to recover two horses they had stolen from tem.

Carlo Enrico Reta married Adele Wolfe at San Francisco, engaged a room at the Palace hotel to which he and his bride retired and next day were found shot to death. Suicide, because Reta was hard-up and the marriage was against the wishes of the bride's parents.

The municipal election at Davenport, Ia., resulted in the election of the entire Democratic city ticket, with four out of six Aldermen.

The annual meeting of the Confederate Veterans' association of Kentucky held at Lexington, was addressed by Colonel W. C. P. Breckinridge.



Whole Family Helped

"My husband was troubled with Rheumatism so that he could hardly lift his hand to his head, and also had severe pains in his stomach after eating. Four bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla completely cured him. Our son was all run down and Hood's Sarsaparilla built him up, and he gained 15 lbs. Our little boy Leon has also been given appetite, weight and strength by the medicine. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me of Erysipelas, which I have had for 15 years and which is now entirely driven out of my system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Since taking Hood's I am better in every way." Mrs. H. K. Johnson, Lyme Centre, N. H.

Hood's Pills are a mild cathartic. 25c.

FROM THE RANKS.

BY CAPT. CHARLES KING.

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CHAPTER XII.

"Colonel Maynard, I admit everything you say as to the weight of the evidence," said Frank Armitage 20 minutes later, "but it is my faith—understand me, my faith, I say—that she is utterly innocent. As for that damnable letter, I do not believe it was ever written to her. It is some other woman."

"What other is there, or was there?" was the colonel's simple reply.

"That is what I mean to find out. Will you have my baggage sent after me tonight? I am going at once to the station, and thence to Sibley. I will write you from there. If the midnight visitor should prove to have been Jerrold, he can be made to explain. I have always held him to be a conceited fop, but never either crack brained or devoid of principle. There is no time for explanation now. Goodby and keep a good lookout. That fellow may be here again."

And in an hour more Armitage was skimming along the winding river side en route to Sibley. He had searched the train from pilot to rear platform, and no man who in the faintest degree resembled Mr. Jerrold was on board. He had wired to Chester that he would reach the fort that evening, but would not resume duty for a few days. He made another search through the train as they neared the city, and [illegible] there was none who in stature or appearance corresponded with the descriptions given of the sinewy visitor.

Late in the afternoon Chester received him as he alighted from the train at the little station under the cliff. It was a beautiful day, and numbers of people were driving or riding out to the fort, and the high bridge over the gorge was constantly resounding to the thunder of hoofs. Many others, too, had come out on the train, for the evening dress parade always attracted a swarm of visitors. A corporal of the guard, with a couple of men, was on hand to keep vigilant eyes on the arrivals and to persuade certain proscribed parties to reenter the cars and go on, should they attempt to revisit the post, and the faces of these were lighted up as they saw their old adjutant, but none others of the garrison appeared.

"Let us wait a moment and get these people out of the way," said Armitage. "I want to talk with you. Is Jerrold back?"

"Yes. He came in just 10 minutes after I telegraphed to you, was present at inspection, and if it had not been for your dispatch this morning I should not have known he had remained out of quarters. He appeared to resent my having been to his quarters. Calls it spying, I presume."

"What permission had he to be away?"

"I gave him leave to visit town on personal business yesterday afternoon. He merely asked to be away a few hours to meet friends in town, and Mr. Hall took tattoo roll call for him. As I do not require any other officer to report the time of his return, I did not exact it of him, but of course no man can be away after midnight without special permission, and he was gone all night. What is it, Armitage? Has he followed her down there?"

"Somebody was there last night and capsized the colonel pretty much as he did you the night of the ladder episode," said Armitage coolly.

"By heaven, and I let him go!"

"How do you know 'twas he?"

"Who else could it be, Armitage?"

"That's what the colonel asks, but it isn't clear to me yet awhile."

"I wish it were less clear to me," said Chester gloomily. "The worst is that the story is spreading like a pestilence all over the post. The women have got hold of it, and there is all manner of talk. I shouldn't be surprised if Mrs. Hoyt had to be taken violently ill. She has written to invite Miss Renwick to visit her, as it is certain that Colonel and Mrs. Maynard cannot come, and Hoyt came to me in a horror of amaze yesterday to know if there were any truth in the rumor that I had caught a man coming out of Mrs. Maynard's window the other night. I would tell him nothing, and he says the ladies declare they won't go to the german if she does. Heavens! I'm thankful you are come. The thing has been driving me wild these last 12 hours. I wanted to go away myself. Is she coming up?"

"No, she isn't, but let me say this, Chester—that whenever she is ready to return I shall be ready to escort her."

Chester looked at his friend in amazement and without speaking.

"Yes, I see you are astonished, but you may as well understand the situation. I have heard all the colonel could tell and have even seen the letter, and since she left here a mysterious stranger has appeared by night at Sablon, at the cottage window, though it happened to be her mother's this time, and I don't believe Alice Renwick knows the first thing about it."

"Armitage, are you in love?"

"Chester, I am in my sound senses. Now come and show me the ladder and where you found it and tell me the whole story over again. I think it grows interesting. One moment. Has he that picture yet?"

"I suppose so. I don't know. In these last few days everybody is fighting shy of him. He thinks it is my doing and looks black and sulky at me, but is too proud or too much afraid of consequences to ask the reason of the cold shoulders and averted looks. Gray has taken seven days' leave and gone off with that little girl of his to place her with relatives in the east. He has heard the stories, and it is presumed that some of the women have told her. She was down sick here a day or two."

"Well, now for the window and the ladder. I want to see the outside through your eyes, and then I will view the interior with my own. The colonel bids me do so."

Together they slowly climbed the long stairway leading up the face of the cliff. Chester stopped for a breathing spell more than once.

"You're all out of condition, man," said the younger captain, pausing impatiently. "What has undone you?"

"This trouble and nothing else. By gad, it has unstrung the whole garrison, I believe. You never saw our people fall off so in their shooting. Of course we expected Jerrold to go to pieces, but nobody else."

"There were others that seemed to fall away too. Where was that cavalry team that was expected to take the skirmish medal away from us?"

"Sound as a dollar, every man, with the single exception of their big sergeant. I don't like to make ugly comparisons with a man whom I believe to be more than half interested in a woman, but it makes me think of the old story about Medusa. One look at her face is too much for a man. That Sergeant McLeod went to grass the instant he caught sight of her and never has picked up since."

"Consider me considerably more than half interested in the woman in this case, Chester. Make all the comparisons that you like, provided they illumine matters as you are doing now, and tell me more of this Sergeant McLeod. What do you mean by his catching sight of her and going to grass?"

"I mean he fell flat on his face the moment he saw her and hasn't been in good form from that moment to this. The doctor says it's heart disease."

"That's what the colonel says troubles Mrs. Maynard. She was senseless and almost pulseless some minutes last night. What manner of man is McLeod?"

"A tall, slim, dark eyed, swarthy fellow, a man with a history and a mystery, I judge."

"A man with a history, a mystery, who is tall, slim, has dark eyes and swarthy complexion and faints away at sight of Miss Renwick might be said to possess peculiar characteristics, family traits, some of them. Of course you've kept an eye on McLeod. Where is he?"

Chester stood leaning on the rail, breathing slowly and heavily. His eyes dilated as he gazed at Armitage, who was surveying him coolly, though the tone in which he spoke betrayed a new interest and a vivid one.

"I confess I never thought of him in connection with this affair," said Chester.

"There's the one essential point of difference between us," was the reply. "You go in on the supposition that there is only one solution to this thing, and that a woman must be dishonored to begin with. I believe there can be several solutions, and that there is only one thing in the lot that is at all impossible."

"What's that?"

"Miss Renwick's knowledge of that night's visitor or of any other secret or sin. I mean to work other theories first, and the McLeod trail is a good one to start on. Where can I get a look at him?"

"Somewhere out in the Rockies by this time. He was ordered back to his troop five days ago, and they are out scouting at this moment unless I'm vastly mistaken. You have seen the morning dispatches?"

"About the Indians? Yes. Looks squally at the Spirit Rock reservation. Do you mean that McLeod is there?"

"That's where his troop ought to be by this time. There is too small a force on the trail now, and more will have to go if a big outbreak is to be prevented."

"Then he has gone, and I cannot see him. Let me look at the window then."

A few steps brought them to the terrace, and there, standing by the west wall and looking up at the closed slats of the dormer window, Captain Chester retold the story of his night adventure. Armitage listened attentively, asking few questions. When it was finished, the latter turned and walked to the rear door, which opened on the terrace. It was locked.

"The servants are having a holiday, I presume," he said. "So much the better. Ask the quartermaster for the key of the front door, and I'll go in while everybody is out looking at dress parade. There goes first call now. Let your orderly bring it to me here, will you?"

Ten minutes later, with beating heart, he stood and uncovered his handsome head and gazed silently, reverently around him. He was in her room.

It was dainty as her own dainty self. The dressing table, the windows, the pretty white bed, the broad, inviting lounge, the work table and basket, the very washstand, were all trimmed and decked alike, white and yellow prevailing. White lace curtains draped the window on the west—that fateful window—and the two that opened out on the roof of the piazza. White lace curtains draped the bed, the dressing table and the washstand. White lace or some equally flimsy and feminine material hung about her bookshelves and worktable and over the lounge, and bows of bright yellow ribbon were everywhere, yellow pincushions and wall pockets hung about the toilet table, soft yellow rugs lay at the bed and lounge side, and a sunshiny tone was given to the whole apartment by the shades of yellow silk that hung close to the windows.

On the wall were some choice etchings and a few foreign photographs. On the bookshelves were a few volumes of poetry and the prose of George Eliot and our own Hawthorne. Hanging on pegs in the corner of the simple army room, covered by a curtain, were some heavy outer garments, an ulster, a traveling coat and cape of English make and one or two dresses that were apparently too thick to be used at this season of the year. He drew aside the curtain one moment, took a brief glance at the garments, raised the hem of a skirt to his lips and turned quickly away. A door led from the room to the one behind it, a spare bedroom evidently, that was lighted only from the back of the house and had no side window at all. Another door led to the hall, a broad, old fashioned affair, and crossing this he stood in the big front room occupied by the colonel and his wife. This was furnished almost as luxuriously, from an army point of view, as that of Miss Renwick, but not in white and yellow.

Armitage smiled to see the evidences of Mrs. Maynard's taste and handiwork on every side. In the years he had been the old soldier's adjutant nothing could have exceeded the simplicity with which the colonel surrounded himself. Now it was something akin to Sybaritish elegance, thought the captain, but all the same he made his deliberate survey. There was the big dressing table and bureau on which had stood that ravished picture, that photograph of the girl he loved which others were able to speak of and one man to appropriate feloniously, while yet he had never seen it. His impulse was to go to Jerrold's quarters and take him by the throat and demand it of him, but what right had he? How knew he even that it was now there? In view of the words that Chester had used toward him, Jerrold must know of the grievous danger in which he stood. That photograph would prove most damaging evidence if discovered. Very probably, after yielding to his vanity and showing it to Sloat, he meant to get it back. Very certainly, after hearing Chester's words, he must have determined to lose no time in getting rid of it. He was no fool if he was a coxcomb.

Looking around the half darkened room, Armitage lingered long over the photographs which hung about the dressing table and over the mantel, several prettily framed duplicates of those already described as appearing in the album. One after another he took them in his hands, bore them to the window and studied them attentively. Some were not replaced without a long, lingering kiss. He had not ventured to disturb an item in her room. He would not touch the knob of a drawer or attempt to open anything she had closed, but here in quarters where his colonel could claim joint partnership he felt less sentiment or delicacy. He closed the hall door and tried the lock, turning the knob to and fro. Then he reopened the door and swung it upon its hinges. For a wonder neither lock nor hinges creaked. The door worked smoothly and with little noise. Then he similarly tried the door of her room. It was in equally good working order, quite free from squeak and complaint with which quartermasters' locks and hinges are apt to do their reluctant duty. The discovery pleased him. It was possible for one to open and close these portals noiselessly, if need be, and without disturbing sleepers in either room.

Returning to the east chamber, he opened the shades, so as to get more light, and his eye fell upon an old album lying on a little table that stood by the bedside. There was a night lamp upon the table, too, a little affair that could hold only a thimbleful of oil and was intended evidently to keep merely a faint glow during the night hours. Other volumes—a Bible, some devotional books, like "The Changed Cross," and a hymnal or two—were also there, but the album stood most prominent, and Armitage curiously took it up and opened it.

There were only half a dozen photographs in the affair. It was rather a case than an album and was intended apparently for only a few family pictures. There was but one that interested him, and this he examined intently, almost excitedly. It represented a little girl of 9 or 10 years—Alice undoubtedly—with her arms clasped about the neck of a magnificent St. Bernard dog and looking up into the handsome features of a tall, slender, dark eyed, black haired boy of 16 or thereabouts, and the two were enough alike to be brother and sister. Who, then, was this boy?

Armitage took the photograph to the window and studied it carefully. Parade was over, and the troops were marching back to their quarters. The band was playing gloriously as it came tramping into the quadrangle, and the captain could not but glance out at his own old company as in compact column of fours it entered the grassy diamond and swung off toward the barracks. He saw a knot of officers, too, turning the corner by the adjutant's office, and for a moment he lowered the album to look.

Mr. Jerrold was not of the number that came sauntering up the walk, dropping away by ones or twos as they reached their doors and unbuckled their belts or removed their helmets in eager haste to get out of the constraint of full dress. But in another moment Jerrold, too, appeared all alone, walking rapidly and nervously. Armitage watched him and could not but see how other men turned away or gave him the coolest possible nod as he passed. The tall, slender lieutenant was handsomer even than when he last saw him, and yet there were gloom and worry on the dark beauty of his face. Nearer and nearer he came and had passed the quarters of the other officers and was almost at the door of his own when Armitage saw a little, wiry soldier in full dress uniform running across the parade as though in pursuit. He recognized Merrick, one of the scapegraces of his company, and wondered why he should be chasing after his temporary commander. Just as Jerrold was turning under the piazza the soldier seemed to make himself heard, and the lieutenant, with an angry frown on his face, stopped and confronted him.

"I told you not to come to me again," he said, so loud that every word was audible to the captain standing by the open window above. "What do you mean, sir, by following me in this way?"

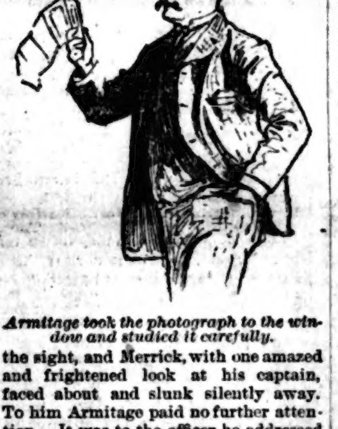
The reply was inaudible. Armitage could see the little soldier standing in the respectful position of "attention," looking up and evidently pleading.

"I won't do it until I'm ready," was again heard in Jerrold's angry tones, though this time the lieutenant glanced about, as though to see if others were within earshot. There was no one apparently, and he grew more confident. "You've been drinking again today, Merrick. You're not sober now, and I won't give you money to get maudlin and go to blabbing secrets. No, sir! Go back to your quarters and stay there."

The little soldier must indeed have been drinking, as the lieutenant declared. Armitage saw that he hesitated, instead of obeying at once, and that his flushed face was angrily working, then that he was arguing with his superior and talking louder. This was contrary to all the captain's ideas of proper discipline, even though he was indignant at the officer for permitting himself to be placed in so false and undignified a position. Jerrold's words, too, had acquired a wide significance, but they were feeble as compared with the sudden outburst that came from the soldier's lips:

"By God, lieutenant, you bribed me to silence to cover your tracks, and then you refuse to pay. If you don't want me to tell what I know, the sooner you pay that money the better."

This was more than Armitage could stand. He went down stairs three at a jump and out through the colonel's garden with quick, impetuous steps. Jerrold's furious face turned ashen at the sight, and Merrick, with one amazed and frightened look at his captain, faced about and slunk silently away. To him Armitage paid no further attention. It was to the officer he addressed himself:



Armitage took the photograph to the window and studied it carefully.

"Mr. Jerrold, I have heard pretty much all this conversation. It simply adds to the evil report with which you have managed to surround yourself. Step into your quarters. I must see you alone."

Jerrold hesitated. He was thunderstruck by the sudden appearance of the captain, whom he had believed to be hundreds of miles away. He connected his return unerringly with the web of trouble which had been weaving about him of late. He conceived himself to have been most unjustly spied upon and suspected and was full of resentment at the conduct of Captain Chester. But Chester was an old granny, who sometimes made blunders and had to back down. It was a different thing when Armitage took hold. Jerrold looked sulkily into the clear, stern, blue eyes a moment, and the first impulse of rebellion wilted. He gave one irresolute glance around the quadrangle, then motioned with his hand to the open door. Something of the old, jaunty, creole lightness of manner reasserted itself.

"After you, captain," he said.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Glory of Trees.

The national pride of America in its giant trees is well founded. If the giants of our own woods appeal to us as an embodiment of magnificence, what must be the impression created by this hall of columns, in which each equals in height the spire of a cathedral and has stood through ages of whose duration the years of the oak are an inconsiderable fraction? These California giants lack one element of impressiveness. They have no associations other than those which their size conjures up. Human fancy has never played with their mighty forms. So far as is known no human eyes have watched the ages of their growth. They have no place in the story of nations. They have built no temples and furnished no navies. They have no place in story. They were found alone in the wilderness, as the Siberian fur hunter found the ice cased mammoth, in a world of their own. To the mind of the educated west the groves of the cedars of Lebanon would appeal more strongly than the groves of the Sierra Nevada. The bulk of the one could not outweigh the associations of the other. But to the primitive notions of eastern peoples the giant tree makes a direct appeal not only for respect, but for worship. Whatever departs from the ordinary course of nature strikes them as the immediate work of God and one which necessarily preserves something of the divine.—London Spectator.

A NOTABLE NAVAL BATTLE.

Captain Stewart's Famous Victory and an Offer That Was Not Accepted.

In the many controversies that have arisen as to the relative merits of the naval occurrences between the American and English navies in the war of 1812 no argument has been urged with more persistency by our transatlantic cousins than that the Yankee ships carried a greater number of guns and heavier shot. A naval action took place Feb. 20, 1815, however, in which, even by British authorities, it is admitted that the Americans were inferior in number of guns and aggregate shot weight. It was the action between the frigate Constitution and the British cruisers Cyane and Levant, fought some 180 miles northeast of the island of Madeira. The Constitution, commanded by Captain Charles Stewart, carried 51 guns, having a total shot weight of 644 pounds to the broadside after allowing for underweight in American shot, while the two British ships mounted 55 guns with 754 pounds of metal to a broadside.

The battle was fought by moonlight, beginning at 6:05 p. m. and ending with the capture of both British ships by 10 p. m. Stewart began the battle by boldly attacking the Cyane and Levant together, and never was American gunnery shown to better advantage. Broadside after broadside was hurled into the opposing vessels with astonishing rapidity and accuracy, and before the engagement had lasted half an hour the Constitution had secured a position between the two Englishmen and was firing from both batteries at the same time. At 6:50 p. m. the Cyane surrendered, and after taking possession of her Captain Stewart made sail after the Levant, which, in the smoke of battle, had become separated from her consort and was some distance westward. By 10 p. m. this vessel had been overtaken by the swift sailing Constitution and compelled to surrender.

In this remarkable action the Americans sustained a loss of only 4 killed and 10 wounded, while the English had 35 killed and 42 wounded. After the battle was over the two English commanders, while aboard the Constitution, got into a dispute as to the result, each charging the other with the responsibility of the defeat and claiming that if such and such a maneuver had been made the American would have been captured. Captain Stewart, who overheard the discussion, finally said:

"Gentlemen, there is no use in getting warm about it. It would have been all the same whatever you might have done. If you doubt that, I will put you all on board again, and you can try it over."

There is no record of the British commanders having accepted the generous offer.—New York Sun.

A Seville Beggar.

His name is Ramon, and there are few better known men in Seville than he. It is said that his father was the public executioner of the city, and, when he died, some foolish people told Ramon, then a lad of rather weak intellect, that he would be compelled to succeed his parent in his ghastly office. The terror created by such a destiny fairly unhinged his mind, and he became the sad, innocent lunatic he is at present. He has wandered about the streets for years, a gentle, kind and honest man.

No one knows where he sleeps, for he has no home. It is supposed that in winter he crawls near the furnaces of the brick works and in summer huddles in any quiet corner. He never importunes for charity, like other beggars, but simply presents himself and takes the help that is given, and if it is refused he meekly turns away. He usually, however, gets more than his few needs require, and when he is thus enriched he distributes all that he can spare among the other starving creatures whom he knows. But it is rather to the poor children of the street that he gives food than to the grownup professional beggars.

The hungry children recognize him as their best friend, and so this Ramon, the poorest of beggars, is, in fact, one of the most generous benefactors. As I watched him turning up a lane, I noticed how he was encircled by children, among whom he stood talking in friendly confidence. There was none of that rough play which we often notice on the part of the street arabs at home when a lunatic comes their way. Ramon and the "gamins" were evidently companions.—Good Words.

The Eccentric Borrow.

On one occasion Borrow was at a dinner party in company with Whewell, both of them powerful men, and both of them, if report be true, having more than a superficial knowledge of the art of self defense. A controversy began and waxed so warm that Mrs. Whewell, believing a personal encounter to be imminent, fainted and had to be carried out of the room.

Once when Borrow was dining with my father he disappeared into a small back room after dinner and could not be found. At last he was discovered by a lady member of the family stretched on a sofa and groaning. On being spoken to and asked to join the other guests he suddenly said: "Go away; go away. I am not fit company for respectable people." There was no apparent cause for this strange conduct unless it were due to one of those unaccountable fits to which men of genius—and this description will be allowed him by many—are often subject.

On another occasion when dining with my father at Wimbledon he was regaled with a "haggis," a dish which was new to him, and of which he partook to an extent which would have astonished many a hardy Scotsman. One summer's day several years later he again came to dinner, and having come on foot and entered the house by a garden door his first words, without any previous greetings, were, "Is there a haggis today?"—John Murray in Good Words.

HYPNOTIC SINGING.

The Most Disputed Incident of "Trilby" Supported by Fact.

Among the many items apropos of Du Maurier's masterpiece not the least interesting is the closeness with which he stuck to the facts. One's first impression upon reading how Svengali taught Trilby to sing—how he hypnotized her and commanded her to imitate the sounds he made on his flexible flageolet—was no doubt that this at least was a flight of poetic license. It seems, however, to be well within the possibilities.

A case which in all essentials covers it was reported as long ago as 1850 by James Braid, the first of the successors of Mesmer to approach the hypnotic sleep from the side of science rather than of charlatanism. After speaking of the heightened sense of hearing under mesmerism and of the increase of muscular precision, they make, he says, "feats of phonic imitation" possible which are truly astonishing.

"Many patients will thus repeat accurately what is spoken in any language, and they may be also able to sing correctly and simultaneously both words and music of songs in any language which they had never heard before—i. e., they catch the words as well as music so instantaneously as to accompany the other singer as if both had been previously equally familiar with both words and music.

"In this manner a patient of mine who, when awake, knew not the grammar of even her own language, and who had very little knowledge of music, was enabled to follow Mlle. Jenny Lind correctly in songs in different languages, giving both words and music so correctly and so simultaneously with Jenny Lind that two parties in the room could not for some time imagine that there were two voices, so perfectly did they accord, both in musical tone and vocal pronunciation of Swiss, German and Italian songs. She was equally successful in accompanying Mlle. Lind in one of her extemporaneous effusions, which was long and extremely difficult, an elaborate chromatic exercise, which the celebrated cantatrice tried by way of taxing the powers of the somnambulist to the utmost. When awake, the girl durst not even attempt to do anything of the sort, and, after all, wonderful as it was, it was only phonic imitation, for she did not understand the meaning of a single word of the foreign language which she uttered so correctly."

This is exactly Trilby's case, only more so, except that there is nothing to indicate in the report that "the patient" remembered Jenny Lind's songs and could reproduce them, but the formation of a trance state memory is a sufficiently frequent phenomenon. The quotation is from Braid's "Observations on Trance," page 43.—New York Post.

Grecian Enterprise.

It is the way of travelers to complain of the food they are obliged to eat in foreign countries. Whether it is an American in Europe or a European in America, the result is much the same. We like the things to which we are accustomed. When Edmond About was in Greece, he carried matters so far as to object to eating green peaches. He was in the bazaar at Athens.

"Wouldn't it be possible to get some ripe peaches?" he asked the vender.

"I think not," answered the Athenian.

"But pray tell me why?"

"We have no good roads. If the farmers should try to bring ripe fruit to market on muleback, it would arrive in the shape of marmalade."

"But at Corfu also the peaches were green, and there they have good roads and bring the fruit to town in wagons."

"Ah, well," said the man, "there is another reason. The farmers have no money, and they have creditors. They can't wait for fruit to get ripe."

There, says About, you have a fair example of the state of Grecian agriculture.

A French gardener, being at Smyrna, noticed that the Greeks had almost no vegetables in their gardens—tomatoes everywhere and scarcely anything else.

"Why don't you raise other things?" he asked. "Asparagus, now. Your soil is just right. You would make a fine thing of it. I will furnish you with seeds."

"How soon should we get crops?"

"In four years at the longest."

"Four years! Are you crazy? Do you suppose we would spend money to get something back in four years? We should be bankrupt 20 times over."—Youth's Companion.

Trollope and Whist.

Trollope was attracted, in the first instance, by the genial society, but continued to resort there from pure love of the game itself, and, though, as he tells us, he often felt inclined "to swear off," like Rip Van Winkle, the habit grew too strong for him, and, after all, he is disposed to agree with Talleyrand that, when one has turned 60, life without cards is but a triste vieillesse.

Trollope, as might be supposed, was by no means an ideal whist player. His eager and almost boisterous temperament was hardly suited to a game that requires the utmost self possession and coolness from its votaries. But his play was steady and consistent. He utilized his strong suit and was sound on the subject of trumps, and au reste he was as thorough paced a partner and as implacable an opponent as the great Sarah Battle herself.—Blackwood's Magazine.

An Appreciative Welshman.

London Truth has the following: "The following tasty inscription is from a family mausoleum erected by a Welsh landowner and magistrate in Merionethshire. To expend turf winnings on erecting a tomb looks, at first sight, eccentric, but possibly the builder was moved by the reflection that betting has brought many to their graves:

As to my latter end I go
To seek my jubilee
I bless the good horse Bendigo,
That built this tomb for me.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,

CHIEF EDITOR.

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CHICAGO, APRIL 13, 1895.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—"The Profligate."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Prince Pro Tem."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Fatal Card."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Hoyt's "A Black Sheep."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"Linsey-Woolsey."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—"The Passing Show."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st. between Halsted and Union—"A Bowery Girl."

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

A LIBEL ON IRISH COURAGE.

Our esteemed contemporary, the *Irish Republic*, of New York, is somewhat out of temper with the Irish people at present, and goes to the extent of calling them pusillanimous where their own country is concerned, instancing the abortive "risings" of '48 and '67 in support of its theory. Over a century and a half ago, the French infidel Voltaire, while admitting that the Irish in the French service were highly creditable soldiers, added, ignorantly and maliciously, "but they always fought badly at home."

After the lapse of a century, Irish valor at home found a vindicator in the person of John Cornelius O'Callaghan, the famous military historian, who, by the way, was not what is called an "extreme" nationalist. The "Green Book" appeared, and, by statistics gleaned from British, as well as Irish, sources it was shown that the Irish soldiers fought as gallantly at home as they did abroad. Of course those of them who served on the continent of Europe, particularly the Irish Brigades of France and Spain, had the advantage of the highest discipline, and served under or against the most renowned captains of the age, and in the face of banded Europe. All the British historians, including the disparaging Macaulay, admit the splendid prowess of the Irish soldiery in the wars of the League of Augsburg, and those of the Spanish and Austrian successions, which extended over a period of about sixty-five years.

Surely, the learned and able editor of the *Irish Republic*, Mr. John P. Sutton, will not deny the authenticity of the victories obtained by the Irish, under Hugh O'Neill, aided generally by Red Hugh O'Donnell, at Clontibret, Drumfluich and the Yellow Ford, not to mention many minor triumphs. If he doubts the fine story of John Mitchel, let him consult the copies of the Elizabethan state papers to be found in any of our great public libraries. Did the Irish fight badly at Benburb, when Owen Roe's army virtually annihilated the Anglo-Scotch host under General Monroe?

Now let us take the Williamite wars in brief: The French expeditionary forces did not behave well, not through the fault of the men but their officers, in those memorable campaigns, and the badly-trained Irish were obliged to face the 50,000 veterans of William and Schomberg almost alone. They lost, it is true, Newtown-Butler and the Boyne, but they gloriously redeemed themselves at Athlone and Limerick immediately after, compelling William in person to raise the siege of the latter city after a bloody repulse of his storming columns, composed of his choicest troops. Are Athlone and Limerick legends? You will find the English losses at both places acknowledged in the publications of the period, which are still extant. St. Ruth's misconduct lost Athlone, in 1691; and his bull-headed obstinacy, inflamed by wounded self-love, precipitated the famous, and fatal, battle of Aughrim, fought Sunday, July 12, 1691. Will the *Irish Republic* kindly point to even a single English authority that does not acknowledge that the Irish fought magnificently at Aughrim? The death of their foreign general in the closing crisis of the day alone wrested victory from their grasp. Was it to cowards General de Ginckle granted honorable terms of capitulation at the second siege of Limerick, when Ireland, in the persons of her brave defenders, marched out with colors flying, matches lit, and drums beating?

The struggle in '98 is admitted to have been heroic by the *Irish Republic*, but it is wrong when it says that only Wexford fought. How about Wicklow and Kildare? Are Down and Antrim forgotten? Why did not all Ireland rise? Because the people were distracted by the arrest of their Directory at Oliver Bond's house in March of that terrible year, and because their commander in chief, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, was betrayed and captured, four days before the time appointed for the general insurrection. The great United Irish machine was broken in all its parts by these disasters, and where there was least organization, as in Wexford, the best fighting was done.

The Irish would have risen almost to a man had Daniel O'Connell called upon them to do so, in 1843. He was the only man in all Ireland who had the power to let them loose against their enemies, but he made no sign. The attempt of Smith O'Brien and his friends in 1848 was well intended, but lacked every element of strength. The people saw clearly—for the Irish have a very acute military instinct—that neither O'Brien nor his comrades knew a single practical thing about war. Mr. O'Brien would not even allow the people to feed themselves. How did he expect them to exist, not to mention fighting the thoroughly well fed and well armed British army? The Irish people are not military idiots. They know when they can fight with some show of success, and when they cannot. That is the truth of the matter. The Irish peasantry were not to blame when O'Brien called on them, but he himself was to blame, and greatly to blame, when he failed to call on the Dublin clubs to rescue Mitchel in the preceding May. John Mitchel was the only man in the '48 movement who knew what he was about, excepting, perhaps, Devin Reilly. Even Thomas Francis Meagher opposed the rescue of Mitchel, although the latter hoped, and even prayed, that the attempt might be made. About the same time Meagher, whose courage has never been called in question, refused to let the brave citizens of Waterford rescue him from the detachment of soldiers that held him in arrest. Let us be just to the ill-fated Irish people.

As for the disjointed "rising" of 1867, it was no test whatever of the national courage. The weather was arctic—no such spring had been known in Ireland for ages, and no men, unprovided with campaigning necessaries, could keep the field. Besides, the attempt was too long delayed, and the disaffected Irish troops in the English service, who were willing to give up Dublin to the Fenian Directory in 1865, had been sent out of the country when the insurgents marched on Tallaght. Yet even that feeble insurrection was not without its heroic side. What knight of chivalry ever died a braver death than O'Neill Crowley in Kilclooney wood? Was the daring of Capt. William Mackey Lomasney ever surpassed? Did not a dozen police barracks surrender to a handful of insurgents in Leinster and Munster, and did not the "rebels" treat their prisoners with a noble humanity? Cowards would never have done so, because they are generally cruel. Capt. Dunne's attack on Kilmallock barrack was a gallant affair, even though he was defeated. Wherever the Irish fought in '67, they showed admirable coolness and courage, except on a couple of occasions when they were taken by surprise and at a disadvantage. However, let us not sneer at these incidents. England had her Prestonpans and America her Bull Run. Captain Lomasney himself informed us that his personal experiences with the Irish rebels, in 1867, gave him a higher opinion of Irish daring and endurance than he had ever previously entertained.

As to the fear of being damned for fighting for their country, this charge made against the Irish people by a correspondent of the *Irish Republic* is simply ridiculous. Not all the bishops and priests in the world could keep the Irish from fighting England, if they saw even a remote prospect of victory by force of arms.

We have seen our gallant countrymen too often in positions of danger to doubt their valor, and we emphatically protest against any aspersion of their courage, no matter from what source it may emanate. They have their faults—many of them—but dastardness is not among them. They may have, occasionally, a tendency toward harmless boastfulness, but even that is better than a sour and angry tendency toward pessimism.

BRITISH INCOME TAX.

The British financiers who have invested in American bonds and other investments over here are not resting on beds of roses at present. Last week Mr. Alfred Webb, M.P., asked the formal question if it were true that the holders of United States securities must send to the authorities of that country, returns of their total income before April 15, under penalty of 50 per cent additional income tax. He was answered by Sir Edward Grey, who said that the announcement which the foreign office had caused to be published in the *Gazette* of March 19 gave the law as it was. As to the details of that law the inquirer should communicate with the British consul in New York. This may be a door through which some of the good hard American dollars spent by such Anglo-maniacs as Pall Mall Astor and others of his ilk may return to their legitimate home. Meanwhile the Briton frets.

THE STORY AND SONGS OF IRELAND.

At the request of a large number of personal friends in this city, Messrs. Finerty and Murphy will deliver their lecture on "The Story and Songs of Ireland" in Central Music Hall on the evening of Monday, April 29. The lecture will cover five periods, which will be dealt with in a graphic and succinct manner. It will, in fact, be a rapid grouping of the chief incidents in Irish history, interspersed with songs suitable to, and illustrative of, the periods dealt with. Of Mr. Finerty's lecturing capabilities, or experience, it is unnecessary to say anything, especially in a paper edited by himself, and Mr. Murphy is certainly not a stranger to the people of Chicago. This lecture has received magnificent recognition from the American daily and weekly press in the chief cities of the Eastern and Central States; and nowhere, not even in the most anti-Irish localities, where race and religious feeling ran high, did it meet with adverse criticism.

The object of the lecture is to familiarize not only the Irish-American people, but the American people of all classes, with the simple truth of the story of Ireland, presented in an attractive manner, and relieved from the inevitable tedium of the average historical lecture, by the introduction of sweet and stirring lyrics in appropriate places. By reference to the programme, which is published on another page, it will be seen that the ballads selected are sufficiently varied in sentiment and structure to recommend themselves to all who have any interest whatever in the noble music of Ireland.

DEATH OF THOMAS KICKHAM.

We have received from Tipperary, Ireland, newspapers of recent date, which give an account of the death of Mr. Thomas Kickham, of Mullinahone, brother of the renowned Irish patriot and litterateur, Charles J. Kickham. The *Nationalist*, writing of the sad event, says:

"By the demise of this sterling Irishman has been severed one of the last direct links which bound the present generation with an eventful past, and with the immediate memory of a prominent actor in the stirring political scenes of '67, the author of 'Knocknagow' and 'Sally Cavanagh,' the sweet poet of the Anner, whose name and fame have become world-wide. The noble and brilliant historic figure of Charles J. Kickham naturally eclipsed his surroundings, but it is nevertheless indisputable that no more sterling or truer Irishman breathed than the subject of the present notice. His patriotism was of the most genuine stamp, and no consideration ever induced him to turn from the right path. Brom his earliest boyhood Thomas Kickham took an active interest in every movement for Ireland's nationality, especially during the stormy times of his brother's public career, and he had since been ever a modest but familiar and welcome figure at Nationalist gathering in the county. Lately he attended in the fullness of his enthusiastic spirit at the great demonstration in Mullinahone, which was addressed by Mr. John Dillon, M.P., Mr. Condon, M.P., and others. He was born in May, 1836, and had therefore reached his 59th year. He was the youngest of three sons born to John Kickham, Mullinahone—Charles (who died in 1882), Alexander, and Thomas—and had four sisters, but all predeceased him. Three of the sisters died unmarried, and the fourth (Mrs. Cleary) died in America. Thomas succeeded to his father's business as a draper in Mullinahone, and lived his life out in the lovely district, whose features have been familiarized to all Irishmen by his gifted brother's genius. At the age of 16, owing to an accident in carrying a gun, Thomas injured his left leg, which had to be amputated, and this occurrence impeded his active energy through life. Owing to the resulting infirmity he used to ride about a good deal on his famous pony, "Little Wonder," to which he was greatly attached, having owned it for twenty years. It died only last year, and had been known all around Slievenamon almost as familiarly as himself. His devoted love and reverence for his great brother, Charles, was the ruling passion of his life. Both were intimate and affectionate companions from earliest childhood. When Charles was engaged in his literary pursuits at home he received valuable help from Thomas, especially in moulding the plots and characters of his different Irish stories. Thomas cherished the poet-novelist's memory reverentially, and carefully treasured various mementoes of his life and works. Among his prized possessions were the reading-lamp and desk, and the remains of the summerhouse used by the novelist when composing 'Knocknagow.' He also had a number of newspaper and other written and printed memorials, published and unpublished, of his brother's political and literary life, which, needless to add, are now held by his sorrowing relatives in Mullinahone as fondly treasured heirlooms. Among them was the original manuscript of 'Knocknagow,' some pages of which he presented last year to the editor of the *Nationalist*, who had the interesting relic carefully mounted for preservation. Our readers will remember that he also favored the editor of this journal with a number of Charles' poetical sketches, which were given to the public for the first time in the *Nationalist*; and that the *Nationalist* also published and strongly endorsed several communications from him on a project he had in view of getting out a new and complete edition of Charles Kickham's Life and Literary remains. It is hoped that the many admirers of both brothers will take this project up, and carry it out as a sacred obligation. Thomas Kickham was a man of superior attainments, and of considerable literary talent and taste. He was a copious writer for the press on national topics."

GEN. T. H. STANTON, U.S.A.

The president did an act of graceful justice the other day when he promoted the gallant veteran, Col. T. H. Stanton, then stationed at Omaha, to the responsible position of paymaster general of the United States army, with the rank of brigadier-general. The whole army knows General Stanton as "the fighting paymaster," not alone because of his splendid record during the Cival War, but also because in nearly every Indian campaign where the late General Crook commanded, he was always in front and had his full share of danger and privation. He was frequently in command of the Indian scouts, and particularly distinguished himself in the affairs of War Bonnet Creek and Slim Buttes. As paymaster in the Department of the Platte, during the most dangerous times, he was ever successful, and could never be entrapped by either highwaymen or redskins. THE CITIZEN heartily congratulates General Stanton on his promotion.

DEATH OF MAURICE CREAN.

Mr. Maurice Crean, for a long time a valued contributor of Gaelic literature to the pages of THE CITIZEN, died of pneumonia at his residence, No. 1909 Indiana avenue, on Wednesday morning, aged 70 years. He was a native of Dingle, county Kerry, Ireland, and came to America in 1851. Since that period, he resided chiefly in this State, at Galena, in Cairo and Chicago. He received an excellent early education and was well versed in English, Irish and Latin. In Gaelic literature, Mr. Crean was an enthusiast, and he was a thoroughgoing Irish Nationalist at all times. He had great gifts as a conversationalist, and was as pleasant a gentleman socially as anybody would want to meet. His name should be dear to all lovers of the Gaelic tongue, for he did much to preserve it in this country, as he was, with Mr. William Rawleigh and O'Neill Russell, the founder of the Gaelic class in this city. Mr. Crean was a Democrat in politics, but belonged to the Douglas school of that party. During the war he held the position of assistant postmaster at Cairo, and discharged his duties to the public satisfaction. Since the death of his wife, over a year ago, Mr. Crean has been in failing health, and his splendid physique—he was a remarkably fine looking man—perceptibly declined. He leaves four children—two sons and two daughters, all arrived at maturity. The funeral occurred on Friday morning from the residence to St. John's church, where requiem mass was celebrated by the Rev. Dr. T. J. Butler, and was very largely attended. The interment was at Calvary cemetery. In common with thousands of personal friends in this city and elsewhere, THE CITIZEN sincerely mourns the death of this excellent Irishman and American citizen. Requiescat in pace.

GENERAL MULHOLLAND.

The cheek of many an old veteran will flush with pride and the memories of the terrible struggle at Chancellorsville will be revived in his mind when he receives the news that the War Department on the 14th of March awarded a medal of honor to the gallant Irish soldier, Brevet Major-General Mulholland, for distinguished bravery on that field. It was on the 3d of May, 1863, as dawn broke on that beautiful Sunday morning, the dashing rebel general, Stuart, leading the column of Stonewall Jackson who had been slain the night before, fell like a demon on the Union army with the shout, "Charge, and remember Jackson!" The conflict was terrible and the day was against the Union army. At this critical period, Mulholland at the head of a small body of men, held the Confederates in check while the Federal troops fell back to a strong position on the roads back of Chancellorsville.

* * *

UP to the hour of going to press, Mayor Swift has made the following appointments, all of which were confirmed by the council: Comptroller, O. D. Wetherell; commissioner of public works, W. D. Kent; general superintendent of police, John J. Badenoch; city prosecuting attorney, W. H. Tatge; fire marshal D. J. Swenie; oil inspector, William Raymond; superintendent of special assessment department, Hiram J. Jones.

* * *

THE generosity of President Dole in commuting the death sentence on the Hawaii conspirators to imprisonment, is ill-repaid by those exiles in San Francisco who are plotting a renewal of the attempt. It is not easy to determine how much real truth there may be at the bottom of these rumors. For a long period before the last outbreak there were reports of the probable uprising. There is but a small American element in the island and the government is in the possession of but a small army with no naval force whatever, yet it has demonstrated its ability to take care of itself and cope with any conspiracy. There is but one method, however, to put an end to all such foolish uprisings as the last, and that is to become a part and parcel of our Union.

DOUGLASS AND O'CONNELL.

How the Noted Freedman and Orator Was Received in Ireland.

The Rev. Dr. George W. Pepper, of Cleveland, O., who was well acquainted with the late Frederick Douglass, gives the following account of the first time he met Mr. Douglass, which was nearly fifty years ago, and in Ireland:

"The first time I met Mr. Douglass was in Ireland, in 1847. He had met enthusiastic receptions in London and throughout England, and had arrived at Cork. He was met at the landing by distinguished citizens, and rode away in a carriage seated between the lord mayor of Cork and Father Mathew, the great apostle of temperance. He was dined by the Catholic Council, and was accorded especial marks of attention by the most prominent people in Cork. Going to Dublin, he went to call upon Daniel O'Connell, who was the first Catholic lord mayor that city had had for more than three hundred years.

"Mr. Douglass had a letter of introduction from the Hon. Charles Sumner, but when O'Connell's servant announced that there was a colored man at the door, the great Irishman rushed to the door, and clasping Douglass in a warm embrace, said: 'Fred Douglass, the American slave, needs no letter of introduction to me.' On the day following his arrival O'Connell took Douglass to Conciliation Hall, where he introduced the ex-slave to the Repealers, when he used the following words: 'If there be in the huts of Africa or in the swamps of the Carolinas, a human being panting for freedom, let it be proclaimed to him that he has a friend in the old Irish nation. My words shall travel across the winds and waves of the Atlantic: they shall roll up the banks of the Mississippi and the Missouri, telling the slaveholder that the time for his injustice to cease has come, and that the period for the emancipation of the bondman has arrived, according to the laws of the living God; and a prayer goes forth from my heart that a black O'Connell may rise in America,' pointing his finger at Douglass as he spoke. The whole audience arose and gave three hearty cheers for Douglass and the Abolitionists of this country.

"Daniel O'Connell was a fierce and uncompromising Abolitionist. About that time a check for a good many thousand dollars arrived from New Orleans to help the Irish cause. O'Connell took the paper and said, 'Send it back; Ireland is poor, but poor as she is, she cannot accept the wages of the unpaid negro.' About the same time O'Connell wrote his powerful appeal, urging the Irish in America to join forces with the Abolitionists. During his stay with me Douglass referred to his escape from slavery. It was brought up by his reading an address of mine in Ireland in which I referred to the reception which was tendered to him there, and to the abhorrence of the Irish people for slavery. He said that, when a boy, on Col. Lloyd's plantation, about fifteen miles from Baltimore, he was seized with a desire to see a ship, and obtained permission from his mistress to go to that city. While at the docks he saw two Irishmen unloading timbers from a vessel, and gave them some assistance. On taking leave of them, one of the men asked him if he was a slave, and upon his replying affirmatively, the other exclaimed, 'Why don't you run away? God never made a man to be a slave.' As he walked back to his master's plantation the words of that Irishman rang in his ears, and the idea resulted in his making his escape."

NASHVILLE HIBERNIAN SOCIETY.

Election of Officers—Annual Ball Next Week.

The annual meeting of the Hibernian Benevolent Society of Nashville was held at their hall last Sunday afternoon. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: James Killelea, president; James Mulloy, vice-president; Garrett Stritch, recording secretary; James Carney, financial secretary; M. J. Laffey, treasurer; Martin Kane, sergeant-at-arms; M. J. Martin, trustee. The annual ball will be given at the Amusement Hall Easter Monday evening, April 15, and it goes without saying that it will be an assured success. The following named gentlemen compose the reception committee: M. J. Martin, James Killelea, J. W. Johnson, James Malloy, James Greeley, William Fitzgibbons, P. J. Flannigan, Garrett Stritch, John Mannion, Frank Shields, James Kelley, John Lynch, Thomas F. Dougherty, P. J. Dougherty, Jeremiah Mahoney. The floor committee consists of W. Kelley, O. A. Glennon, J. T. Denney, Mart Kane, M. J. Laffy, P. F. Cleary, James Campion. Door committee, Thomas Grady, John Brady, Ed Greeley, M. Farrell. General manager, R. E. Martin.—*Nashville American.*

SCHILLER THEATRE.

Next Sunday night, April 14, another brilliant comic operatic success, "Prince Pro Tem," will receive its first Chicago production at the Schiller. As was said in the *Inter Ocean* of Sunday last, "The production for the first time in Chicago of new and successful comic operas seems to be a matter of course at the Schiller theatre." The attraction now is "Prince Pro Tem," the last great popular hit in comic opera, and which ran to big audiences at the Boston Museum this season for 176 performances. It is one of the brightest, prettiest and thoroughly laughable comic operas now on the stage, and surpasses several of even the most recent great successes. "Prince Pro Tem" will be put on the stage at the Schiller by the original Boston company, of which those favorite comedians Fred Lennox and Josie Sadler are the bright particular stars, supported by an organization of more than forty clever and popular artists, all of them especially selected for the cast of "Prince Pro Tem." It will be produced here with the brilliant scenery, handsome costumes and charming theatrical accesories contributing to a facinating stage picture, which carried the Boston public by storm, to say nothing of the effect of its catchy songs, pretty girls and original attractive specialties.

IRISH-AMERICAN LYCEUM.

In spite of the murky fog and inclement weather, Columbia Hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted streets, was well filled on Monday night last by the members of the Irish-American Lyceum. An attractive programme was submitted, including a recitation by Mr. Hill, a song from Mr. Naughton and a reading of Mangan's poem, "The Woman of the Three Cows," well rendered by Mr. P. F. Holden. Mr. John T. Keating was the essayist of the evening, and his subject, "Irish Congresses." Mr. Keating reviewed the gathering of the representative Irish people at Dromkeath in the latter part of the sixth century. He gave details of the work of what he claimed to have been one of the most important assemblages in Irish history. The abuses of Bardic privileges and the rights of the mother country over her Scottish colonies as represented by St. Colman, Bishop of Dromore, with the defense made on behalf of both by the celebrated Columbkille was dwelt on from a historical standpoint and followed by a review of the famous confederation of Catholics in Kilkenny, the work and struggle of 1642, with comments on the leading features of the parliament which controlled and inspired the actors of the same. Then followed reference to the convention of Dungannon, the labors, patriotism and premature conclusion of the career of the volunteers.

The gathering of 1782 was contrasted with that of 1642, the weak points of each compared and found analogous. Both were then put in the balance with the congress of Dromkeath and the absence of complete representation of the whole Irish race was claimed to be the chief reason of the error and weaknesses of the two more modern and to its presence the strength and glory of the more ancient congress of Dromkeath. The necessity of some international gathering of the sons of the Gael for the discussion of matters of future policy in the Irish cause was dwelt on, and the claims of those residing outside of Ireland to take part in such a gathering was advocated. The weak attempts of fifty years ago to organize those who had left the land of their birth, and their descendants, was expatiated upon. The ineffectual, incomplete and disconnected organizations of the Irish exiles were referred to in detail, and an universal Irish national organization suggested, working under a supreme council, spreading its ramifications in every clime where there were exiles of Erin found to be located. The essayist claimed that the theories and principles actuating and guiding the men engaged in the arena of Ireland's battle were those originated by the men of '48, and that the close of the nineteenth century should evolve some modern theory for dealing with the question of Ireland's future. He claimed that the physical force men adhered too closely to the plans of Stephens; the parliamentary agitators to the doctrines of James Fenton Lalor. He asked, was there any reason why the Irishmen of Australia, India and South Africa should not be enlisted in the cause as well as those of America and Ireland? and claimed the present system, as well as that of recent date, was obselete, and deterred instead of encouraging men of independent ideas from enlisting in the struggle for the solution of the question of Ireland's future. Large societies, influencing the waves of thought which touch the chords of public opinion, would soon produce healthier estimates of the ideas and hopes of those working in the Irish cause. Large societies provide room for development of idea, the healthy growth of pure sentiment, the early discovery of poisonous growths, an area for test of leadership and capacity for statesmanship.

Mr. Keating urged the linking of all lovers of Ireland's freedom in a great society organized on an international basis, having for its objects the present welfare, the future freedom of the home as well as the elevation of the Irish race the world over. He concluded by claiming a congress of the representatives of the race, meeting, say in 1898, would bring together the most experienced and most devoted of those working for, and sympathetic with the ultimate freedom of the Green Isle from an alien yoke. He claimed that such a congress would clear away much misunderstanding, unite the divided policies, sweep the unworthy aside and remove all causes of friction. He concluded with a quotation from the "Faith of a Felon," which appeared in the *Irish Felon*, newspaper, on July 8, 1848, from the pen of Lalor: "I want to put Ireland foremost in the van of the world, at the head of the nations; to set her aloft in the blaze of the sun, and to make her for ages the loadstar of history. Will she take the path I point out—the path to be free and famed and feared and followed, the path that goes sunward? Or onward to the end of time will wretched Ireland ever come limping and lagging hindmost?" The speaker claimed the answer to the question could be given by a congress of the Irish people.

A debate on the leading points followed, which was participated in by Messrs. O'Shea, Hill, Lamb, Henely, Holden, D. O'Connor and others. We understand debate will be resumed on the second Monday in May, the date of the next meeting. The Lyceum is meeting with deserved success and awaking much interest in Irish history and literature.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

MY NATIVE IRELAND.

I love my native Ireland, the fairest land
on earth,
The home of love and chivalry, the land
of song and mirth;
I love the whitewashed cottages that stud
her emerald land,
Her hills and dales and flowery vales,
her mountains wild and grand.

I love those gray old ruins that Time's
ravages defy,
And her pillared towers up-pointing to
her ever-changing sky—
Her mass rocks and her fairy thorns,
her raths and holy wells,
Her rugged glens and marshy fens, and
her fairy-haunted dells.

The lowliest shrub that blossoms on this
dear old isle of ours
Has charms dearer for me than the gems
of Southern bowers;
For, oh! the martyr's blood has flowed
upon the hallowed sod,
From whence it springs, and saints and
kings the blessed soil have trod.

I love her for the deathless hope that
sweetens still her tears,
And leads her on, like Israel's fire,
through slavery's weary years;
I love her for the faith she holds, for the
trials she has passed—
For thy story grand, my motherland, I'll
love thee to the last.

But, dear land, where saint and scholar
lived, where kingly Brian reigned,
At mention of thy hapless fate e'en cal-
lous hearts are pained;
Where chieftains ruled now tyrants live,
they plunder and they rob—
Oh, the scars you wear on that bosom
fair make mine for vengeance throb!

And shall we *still* like vermin sit and
gnaw a rusty chain?
Oh, no; by heavens, like lions yet we'll
rive thy bonds in twain!
Yet, yet the lightning sword shall flash
athwart the battle cloud,
And then for me a country free or a sol-
dier's gory shroud.

Old land of Hundred Battle Con, of the
warrior chieftain Owen,
For you young Emmet shed his blood
with the Geraldine and Tone.
Their spirit lives within us still, though
trampled and oppressed,
And, gra machree, we'll see thee free or
die upon your breast!

A. D.

—*Irish News.*

THOMAS D'ARCY M'GEE.

The Rev. Father Martin, C.P., Ardoyne, delivered a very interesting lecture on Thomas D'Arcy McGee, in Belfast, a few days ago. Among other things, he said:

"McGee was a great man. He lived in an exciting time. He was an actor on the stage of public life, in the press, on the platform, and in the senate. The eyes of nations were upon him. He was judged differently from opposing standpoints, and hated or loved accordingly. The English government pursued him until he left Ireland. He was the friendly rival of such men as Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, Thomas Davis, John Mitchel, and Thomas Devlin Reilly. He was admired and praised by O'Connell, and had perhaps no small share in crushing the heart of the great Liberator. A poet, an historian, an orator, a ruler of minds, a statesman, and what is rare in human nature, excelling in each capacity.

"Thomas D'Arcy McGee cannot be judged by the standard of ordinary men, and to form a just estimate of such a man living in the stirring days of '48 and '67 is surrounded with difficulties. But there is one consideration which renders it specially difficult to give any account of the man that may not be open to exception from patriots of every shade. He was what many would call a turncoat in politics. The Irish rebel of '48 became the moderate statesman who sat as president of the executive council of the Canadian parliament, and the change cost him his life at the hand of the assassin. I must pass by his claim to be the historian—the philosophical historian and the historical bard of Ireland, with this one remark from Sir Charles Gavan Duffy—'His poetry and his essay's touch are like the breath of spring, and revive the buoyancy and chivalry of youth. I plunge into them like a refreshing stream of Irish undefiled. What other man has the subtle charm to invoke our past history and make it live before us?' Neither can I consider McGee in his quality as a journalist, orator, or statesman. Any one of these views would supply overflowing material for a separate essay. I will, therefore, consider him only as an Irishman and a Catholic.

"No man can become great unless he acts on principle. If his principles be wrong and he applies them with an enthusiast's devotion he may be a great man possibly, but hardly a good one. If the principles which move him and give life and color to his acts be good, and turned to account with a master mind, they fashion a great, good man; and such, I believe, was Thomas D'Arcy McGee. In all his acts, in the outpourings of his heart and genius, we trace the embodiment of devotion to a cause, a double cause, which has made most of the great men that history can boast—faith and fatherland united. He lived and loved and sung and fought with tongue and pen for Ireland and the dear old faith of St. Patrick. And, now, my friends, sadly and sorrowfully I must let the curtain fall. The son of sons who twined the chords of Erin's harp about his heart and would address it thus:

"I who have heard thy echoes from
my soul,
A sickly boy crouched at my moth-
er's knee;
I who have heard thy dirges wild as
winds,
And thy deep tidal turns of proph-
ecy!"

"The man who, when a boy, labored and dared exile and death for the cause he loved; who, as a youth spent himself for faith and fatherland in the country of his adoption; the Catholic who, as soon as convinced, went over heartily, entirely, and at once to the church's side; the man who lifted his race and his faith before the world as words of power and of pride; the man into whose last years of mortality are crowded more great deeds and mighty events than fall to the lot of many great men during a lifetime—that Irishmen, that Catholic, must when he has reached the zenith of his glory, when he is in himself worth an army, when his mighty tones bring echoes from more than Celtic hearts on both sides of the ocean, that man when his glorious accents, as a preacher of peace, have resounded in the first parliament of United Calada, and have scarcely died on the midnight air, must have his light extinguished by the fell hand of a murderer.

"Father Martin concluded his brief review in the words of Mr. J. O'C. Clarke, Q.C., Montreal, who thus speaks of T. D'Arcy McGee: 'Far away from that glorious but unhappy land where he dreamt away the bright fleeting hours of his childhood, far away from the home of his dearest hopes, of his highest aspirations, far away from the green churchyard where the ashes of his parents rest in the kindly embrace of the land of their birth, in the new world, far over the sea, in the land of his adoption high up on the sunny side of beautiful Mount Royal, overlooking the fair city of Montreal, where for years his voice was the most potent, his smile the most friendly, his influence in all that was noble, patriotic, and good was most felt, sleeps the greatest poet, orator, statesman, historian, the best, the truest friend, counsellor, and guide of the Irish race in America. His grave is bedewed by a a young nation's tears, his memory lives and shall live in that young nation's heart, his name and fame shall cast lustre on the pages of her history, and his life labors stand forth as an example worthy of emulation by future millions.'"

PUPILS OF THE GUARD.

Napoleon Enters Them in the Service of His Baby Son.

And one day in the Place of the Carrousel, the great open square in front of the palace of the Tuileries, where the Emperor held his weekly reviews of the Imperial Guard, there came a new surprise.

It was a beautiful August day. The splendid palace, outlined against the clear Parisian sky, make a grand background for the mass of moving color, as battalion after battalion wheeled and circled and charged and manœuvred. Cavalry and infantry marched and counter-marched, helmets glittered, bands played, display was everywhere.

Then, while the regiments stood at rest, the gay strains of other military bands were heard, and into the square, beneath the triumphal arch crowned by the great bronze horses of St. Mark's, Venice, came rank upon rank, in soldierly array, spick and span in their new uniforms of green and gold, eight thousand little foot-soldiers, not one of whom was in his teens.

As steadily as veterans, as solid as the Old Guard itself, every boy doing his best, every eye "front," every hand shouldering a toy musket or carrying a dwarf sword, the Lilliputian battalions halted and faced the smiling veterans.

The Emperor appeared. The boys went through their manœuvres with precision and ease. And when the review was over, the Emperor, standing midway between his veterans and his boy brigade, pointed to the little soldiers, and said to his greadiers:

"Soldiers of my Guard, behold your children! These are the Pupils of the Guard, the sons of those who have fallen in battle for France, the defenders upon whose valor the future of my empire must rest. To them I confide the guarding of my son, as I have confided myself to you. For them I require, from you, friendship and protection."

Then facing the boyish brigade, he said:

"My children, in attaching you to my Guard, I give you a difficult duty. But I shall trust in you. I know that some day it will be said of you: 'These children are worthy of their fathers.' Pupils of the Guard! from this day you are in the service of the King of Rome."—*From "A Boy of the First Empire," by Elbridge S. Brooks, in April St. Nicholas.*

THOSE BELLS OF SHANDON,

That Sound So Grand On the Pleasant Waters of the River Lee.

High in the steeple of the church of St. Anne Shandon, Cork, hang the bells that Father Prout has made ring so musically for all the world. The name Shandon is from Seandon, meaning the old fort, or castle, near which stood a church called St. Mary Shandon. This last was destroyed during the siege of Cork by Marlboro, and the church of St. Anne built on its site. There are eight of the Shandon bells, and upon each one is an inscription:

1. God preserve the church and king, 1754 (the date of the casting of the bells at Gloucester by Abel Rudhall.)

2. When you us ring we will sweetly sing. A.R., 1750.

3. Health and prosperity to all our benefactors. A.R., 1750.

4. Peace and good neighborhood. A.R., 1750.

5. Prosperity to the city and trade thereof. Recast 1869, F.D.M. St.George, rector. (Rev. Francis De Montmorency St. George, a late rector of the parish, who died in 1882.)

6. We are all cast in Gloucester, in England. Abel Rudhall, 1750.

7. Since generosity has opened our mouths, our tongues shall ring aloud its praise. A.R.

8. I to the church the living call, and to the grave do summon all. A.R., 1750.

Close to the ivy-covered wall of the church, in the old churchyard, under the shadow of the tower and the bells, lies the body of the Rev. Francis Sylvester Mahony, whom we know so well as Father Prout.

Father Mahoney was born at Cork, and all the early years of his life were spent at his home on Camden quay, where he listened to the melody of the bells as their music flowed with the river Lee. His parents decided that he should become a priest and his education was carried on with that end in view, till later he studied in France—at Amiens and in Paris—and was finally ordained a priest at Rome.

It was while he was in Rome that he wrote his "Shandon Bells," and there is something infinitely touching in the deep homesickness that lies in the little poem:

With deep affection and recollection,
I often think of those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would, in days
of childhood,
Fling around my cradle their magic
spells.

On this I ponder, where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork,
of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon, that sound
so grand on
The pleasant waters of the River
Lee.

Father Mahony found that his tastes inclined to literature rather than in spiritually directing people, so he went to London and entered upon a literary life, doing a good deal of work on *Frazer's Magazine.* It was then that he took the name of Father Prout, this belonging to a learned and very eccentric priest who was a friend of Father Mahony. He first wrote a series of Prout papers, and later took it as his nom de plume.

It is characteristic of the Irish people that however far they wander from their Emerald Isle they still retain a warm affection for it, and so it was with Father Prout. Nearly all his life was spent abroad, but still his heart kept a warm corner for Ireland, and nearly everything he wrote showed this. He was a remarkable linguist, and translated into French, Greek, Latin and Italian many of Moore's poems, and it is said that Garibaldi's soldiers sang "The Groves of Blarney" in soft and limpid Italian upon the shores of their own lakes.

A restless, eager spirit sent Father Prout travelling in Egypt, Greece, Hungary, and Asia Minor, from which points he wrote brilliantly, adding not a little to the literature of that period.

There is soon to be a more fitting memorial above the grave of this gifted son of Ireland, for at present it is difficult to read even the name in the stone, it is so defaced by time and the elements.—*Boston Commonwealth.*

THE LATEST SONNET.

BY R. A. WILSON (BARNEY MAGLONE.)

The consthernation
An' aggravation,
An' botheration
Of all our days,
The consolaytion,
Hallucination
An' captivation
Of female ways.

Sometimes they taze us,
Sometimes amaze us;
An' still they plaze us,
Whate'er they wear;
Their gowns extended,
With long tails ended,
An' then their splendid
Rowled-up back hair.

An' not to mintion
That quare invintion
Of small extinsion
Above the brow,
Had I a sonnet
I'd sing it on it,
That purty bonnet
They're wearin' now.

Och! surely this is
Conthrived for kisses—
The balmy blisses
A lover sips.
The dhroll wee threasure
Jist fits the pleasure
When fond ones measure
Two pairs of lips.

No brim cocks over
To plague the lover,
There's not a cover
On brow or hair.
'Twas surely Vaynus
That had the jaynius
To plan these haynius
Wee things they wear.

Were I Layandher,
That salymandher
That could mayandher
Through waves and wind,
I'd sing these wilers,
These angel smilers,
These heart-beguilers,
Called womankind.

But, with a craythur,
In sowl and faythur,
Like one that Naythur
Gave Tom Maglone,
I'd lilt as brave as
A happy Mavis,
Or rara avis,
For her alone.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

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White Star Line.

Following is a list of cabin passengers booked per White Star Line steamship Teutonic, sailing from New York on the 10th inst.:

Mr. and Mrs. J. Ogden Armour, Mr. and Mrs. J. Flemons, Mr. R. M. Woodruff, Mr. C. N. Wright, Capt. John Stuart, Mr. F. A. Keyes, Mr. Edward L. Bowen, Mr. Thomas Harris, Mr. Wm. Graham, Mr. John McGrowen, Mrs. J. B. S. Williams, Mrs. Mary Hyde, Mrs. Thama Mamrach, Mrs. Janet Clelland, Miss McGregor, Mrs. E. L. Bowen, and Mrs. Thomas Harris, all of whom are booked from Chicago.

Very Queer Indeed.

Daily, nay hourly, experienced, are the sensations of the dyspeptic, nervous invalid. Ask him and he will tell you that it is well nigh impossible to describe them. Palpitations of the heart suggest—erroneously—that the organ is affected, buzzing in the ears, a queer metallic taste in the mouth and tingling along the edges of the tongue, restless, broken slumber at night, an inclination to sleep during the day, which disappears when the recumbent posture is assumed, frequent uneasiness of the stomach between and after meals when digestion ought to have performed its office. These are a few among the indicia of the complaints speedily removable by the use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which also cures and prevents chills and fever, biliousness, constipation, rheumatism, neuralgia and kidney trouble.

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An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

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as Emerson said,—that is, don't be content with any bicycle except the best one made—the COLUMBIA. Matchless as these famous bicycles have been in past years, you will rub your eyes when you see the quality and beauty of the 1895 models—$100.

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50 lbs Whole Codfish for	$1.00
50 lbs California Dried Grapes for	$1.00
California Loose Muscatel Raisins, per lb	3 cents
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California Evaporated Pears, per lb	5 cents
California Evaporated Apricots, per lb	6 cents
3-lb cans Solid Packed Tomatoes, per can	4½ cents
Gallon cans Standard Tomatoes, perc can	14½ cents
12-lbs Round Herring, packed in 3-hoop pail	39 cents
12-lbs Family Whitefish, packed in 3-hoop pail	49 cents
2-lb cans Sweet Sugar Corn, per can	3½ cents
After-Dinner Java Coffee, per lb	25 cents
5-lb package White or Yellow Cornmeal for	6 cents
Quorter barrels Winter Wheat Flour 59 cents, 25-lb bag for	32 cents
2-lb cans Marrowfat Peas	5 cents
2-lb cans Lima Beans	5 cents
Evaporated Apples, per lb	6 cents
Babbitt's Lye, per can	7 cents
3-lb cans California Apricots, per can	9 cents
2-lb cans Gooseberries	5 cents
J. Ambrosia Prize Story Japan Tea, per lb	35 cents
Pure Ground Pepper	9 cents
Pure Ground Mustard	9 cents
Ginger Snaps, per lb	5 cents
Garden Hoes	15 cents
Garden Seeds, 12 pkgs for	9 cents
Bixby's Shoe Polish, per bottle	6 cents
Stove Enameline	4 cents
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Common Butterine, per pail	89 cents
Plain Dairy, per pail	99 cents
Reliable Dairy, per pail	$1.25
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Spanish Five, 50 in box	79 cents
Cuban Perfecto, long Havana filler, 50 in box	90 cents
Your Treat, long mixed filler, 50 in box	$1.25
Hand-made Plug, per lb	20 cents
Manuel Garcia, long Havana filler, Florida wrapper, 50 in box	$1.55
Iron Navy Plug, per lb	22 cents
Climax, 8 oz. plug, per lb	37 cents
Sweet Clippings, per lb	15 cents
Sweet Cob Smoking, per lb	18 cents
Seal of N. C. Cut Plug, ¼, per lb	49 cents
Cherry Wood Pipes, per doz	25 cents
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SHOE DEPARTMENT.

SHOES AT HALF PRICE THIS WEEK.

We bought a big lot of Men's Shoes way below value and offer a Solid, All-Leather Shoe, all sizes, regular $2.00 value, pair	98 cents
Fargo's Ladies' Vici Kid $2.50 Button Boot, plain opera toe, sizes 2 to 8, widths C, D and E, at	$1.25
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H. R. EAGLE & CO.,
GROCERS,
68 & 70 WABASH AVENUE.

FROM "SONG OF THE BALBOA SEA."

Grew [illegible] my room
Of [illegible] perfect health;
Of [illegible] perfume
It [illegible] with its wealth.
Then came the [illegible] who knew
Not good or grace, but overthrew
My rose, and in the broken pot
Nosed fast for slugs within the rot.
He found, found with exulting pride,
Deep in the loam a worm, a slug.
The while my rose tree died.

Ah, me! the pity 'tis 'tis true.
The fairest rose, the richest mold,
The richer [illegible] the canker grew
Some lonely life within its fold
From first to last. [illegible] breathe the rose
Or break the [illegible] and nose?
Nay, plead not for self at last;
The past, I have survived the past;
My ruined rose, my wrecked repose;
But plead I for that coming song,
The sweeter, fairer rose.

God is not far, man is not far
From heaven's porch, where pæans roll
And yet shall speak from star to star
In silent language of the soul;
Yon star strewn skies be but a town
With angels passing up and down.
"I leave my peace with you." Lo! these,
His seven wounds, the pleiades
Pierce heaven's porch. But resting there
The new moon rocks the Child Christ in
Her silver rocking chair.

—Joaquin Miller in Overland.

A MISTAKE.

I had been trudging for 12 hours through the steaming rain, which had penetrated even the thick tweed suit I wore. It had rained steadily for 24 hours, and, judging from the thick, colorless sky and the white cloud wreaths that hung about the lower slopes of the mountains, there seemed every probability that a spell of bad weather had set in.

Driven as with a goad by the utter discomfort of the dirty inn I had left behind me in the morning, I pressed on in the rain lashed gloaming toward the old Roman watering place on the southern side of the Stelvio pass, Bad Bormio. There, I knew, the joys of good food, clean linen and luxurious bath waited for me. Of course I ought not to have cast one thought on these comforts of civilization, for the Stelvio pass is one of the grandest in Europe, and it had been my privilege to behold the great Madatsch glacier and the cloud veiled head of the Ortler Spitz, as I stood at the top of the pass and looked over the glories of the Tyrolean Alps.

But I was very wet, very tired, very hungry, and I longed for my Capua down in the pleasant valley. My portmanteau had gone on by post—the carry all, omniscient post of foreign parts. At Bormio I would rest me for three whole days; good dinners would I eat and sparkling Asti would I drink, and I would make merry with any pleasant folk chance might throw in my way. And so the pains and penalties of the poor pedestrian would be forgotten, or remembered only as a foil to the comforts of the present.

I hurriedly pulled myself up at this stage of my reflections, for anticipation had made me forget for a brief moment what was then my condition. The relentless rain had worked its way to my skin. Only my feet were dry, thanks to the waterproof boots and stout leggings I wore. I was as yet within some miles of my goal when I overtook two pedestrians whose case was much worse than my own, for these two belated wanderers were women, and the poor creatures' skirts were wet and draggled and clung miserably about their limbs. Both were slender and young, and the heavy rain beat heavily on their heads and shoulders. Bedraggled though they were, I saw at a glance they were ladies, and a few words uttered by one told me that they were countrywomen of my own. My interest and sympathy were at once enlisted.

"Another hour, Betty, at most, and we can knock off. What a tramp we've had, and how it can rain in this wonderful country!"

The girl who spoke (she could only have been in her early twenties) had a fair, ruddy complexion, her cheeks looked like roses that had had a thorough drenching, and a great lump of light brown hair, which showed beneath her soaked gray felt hat was heavy with diamond drops of water. Both girls wore neat ulsters, but the rain had evidently soaked them through, and they clung tightly to the slim outlines of their forms.

I glanced quickly at the girl addressed as Betty. She was wet, but even prettier than her companion. The steady tramp of my steps probably caused Betty some alarm, for she looked nervously over her shoulder. It was then that I saw what a very pretty girl she was, despite her somewhat disheveled state.

On the impulse of the moment I raised my hat and muttered some sort of salutation:

"Oh, you're English!" The accent of pleasure was unmistakable and gratifying.

The exclamation came from Betty, whose dark eyes were turned full on me. Evidently the result of the inspection was favorable, for Betty smiled and showed a row of gleaming little teeth, whose whiteness was accentuated by the rich red of the lips that enframed them. The young lady's complexion was slightly browned by exposure to the sun, but the lashing of the rain had brought a flush of pink to the smooth cheek, whose perfect contour was apparent as she turned toward me.

"Yes, I am English," I said in a comfortable, elder brotherly tone, calculated to win the confidence of these two independent damsels errant, "and I am on my way to Bad Bormio."

"So are we, and we are so horribly wet, and the road seems as if it would never end."

"It is a long tramp from Trafoi," I remarked.

"Oh, we only came from Franzenhohe this morning. We had some lunch at Santa Maria, and we hope to reach Bormio by dinner time," said the other girl, whose name I afterward knew to be Kate, "for, to tell you the truth, we are both awfully hungry."

"What hotel are you bound for?" I inquired.

"The Nuovi Bagni."

"Ah, I am going there too. Will you allow me to walk with you and to carry that bag?" I added, pointing to a fair sized rucksack strapped to the supple back of Miss Betty.

After a little demur the rucksack was unstrapped and attached to the haversack I carried. I saw with satisfaction that the slender figure, relieved of its burden, drew itself more erect and moved forward with greater ease.

The two girls, tramping unprotected along that lonely road which winds down from the summit of the pass to Italy, seemed quite free from any fear of danger. The discomfort of rain soaked clothing, boots heavy with mud, and the fatigue consequent on the long tramp seemed to be the only cause of complaint they had.

"You see, when one is on a walking tour, one can't stop for weather," remarked Betty, with a comprehensive glance round at the mist shrouded mountains, the rain lashed rocks showing their rich brown in vivid contrast to the gray sky and patches of vivid green moss. "One must take the good and the bad just as they come, like the rough and the smooth places on the road. My friend and I are good walkers, and we enjoy a tramp like this in spite of the weather."

I had got the idea that the girls were sisters, although they were quite unlike in personal appearance. Bit by bit I got to know more about my damsels errant. They had walked most of the way from Innsbruck, through the Brenner pass to Botzen. There they had taken the train to Meran, and thence had pursued their tramp, stopping several days on the road at Spondelak, Trafoi and Franzenhohe.

"We shall stay at Bormio a few days and rest, and then we shall meet our bags again. You can't think how glad we are to see those bags. We quite love the very straps and buckles. Do you know Bormio at all?"

I avowed my ignorance.

"Nor do we. There was an American lady we met at Innsbruck who recommended the Nuovi Bagni to us. I think she thought us quite mad, but she was extremely kind.

"Kittie," she added, suddenly addressing her companion, "do look down here at that leaping water. That must be the Adda."

"Oh, our first Italian river, Betty! How jolly!" cried the enthusiastic Kate, her gray eyes beaming out from under her dripping hat brim.

Then she looked down the valley and tried, I think, to realize that this rain beaten scene really was Italy.

"Cheer up, Kittie; it will be fine tomorrow and won't we revel in the sunshine when it comes?"

It was Betty who spoke. The manner of the girls toward each other amused me. They seemed to take the role of guide and consoler in turns, just as, I have no doubt, they had taken it in turns to carry the rucksack which I had now in my care.

Independent though they were, the girls seemed glad of my companionship, especially when we passed through one of the dark, cavernous galleries roofed with stones, built to protect the road from avalanches. They chatted in a friendly, unembarrassed manner, and the sound of the fresh young voices and the sight of the two pretty faces did much to redeem the dreariness of the long, monotonous road.

The next morning was a sumptuous one. I was soon dressed and out of doors. I caught the sound of a woman's voice trilling out the refrain of an Italian volkslied.

The larklike joyousness of the song seemed in harmony with the glorious morning. In a dreamy mood I listened. The singing voice floated nearer. I caught sight of a white straw sailor hat and a pink cotton blouse.

Italian peasant girls do not attire themselves thus. I am a trifle short sighted, but in a very few moments I was aware that the early rising songstress was Miss Kate Morison. A glance at the hotel register had informed me of the names of my fellow pedestrians.

She looked very pretty and fresh. The mass of light brown hair was twisted up neatly at the back of her head. Clearly the luggage of the two girls had turned up, for there were no signs of travel stain about the trim blue serge skirt and the crisply starched pink blouse.

I wished her good morning and inquired for her absent friend.

"Oh, Betty is all right, thanks, only rather sleepy. I thought it a pity to waste one single hour of this heavenly morning, and I wanted to make a little sketch from the bridge."

"An artist as well as a singer?" I inquired, smiling.

"Oh, you heard my chirruping, I suppose. One must sing when one feels so utterly happy. Isn't the air exhilarating? But I must make my sketch. I can sit on the parapet—so—and get just the view I want."

Her busy pencil did its work with great rapidity, and when I asked permission to look at the sketch I was really surprised at the masterliness of her touch and her knowledge of perspective.

She closed her sketchbook, and we walked back together to the hotel. In the garden we met Miss Betty. She, too, looked dainty and fresh after her night's rest. The same source of information that had made me acquainted with Miss Kittie's name had told me her's—Blount.

At breakfast I happened to mention her by name, and I fancied a look of surprise crossed her face at the glibness with which I uttered it. But her manner showed no displeasure, and I was encouraged to offer my escort for an expedition to the town of Bormio. The quaint, old world place, with its rough pavements and narrow streets, so Italian in its aspect, with the yellow washed houses and curious loggias, and musty, silent church, delighted Miss Kittie and gave much occupation to her pencil. But Miss Blount, whose artistic superiority her friend had proclaimed, did not make any sketches, although, no doubt, she stored up impressions for future use.

Nothing but a violent wrench would have enabled me to leave Bormio. I lingered on, hugging my chains, and the two girls, for what reason I know not, lingered too.

The place had a curious charm. It had the strength and grandeur of the mountains and the glory and glamour of the south. A week passed, during which the two girls and I were almost always together. Their utter unconventionality surprised me, but it delighted me too. Their plans were not fixed, but something had been said once or twice about extending their walking tour to the Engadine, by way of the Bernina pass. I had just made up my mind that where they went I would go, for the thought of Betty tramping unprotected and exposed to the chance of insult filled me with dismay. Already I assumed to myself the man's right of protection.

The two girls listened respectfully, almost obediently, to my advice and made no objection whatever when I declared that I, too, intended to visit the Engadine and would go when they went.

In my own mind I had fully planned how my romance was to end. I would marry Betty. We should be poor, but I knew her tastes were simple, and I would work trebly hard and win success for myself and wealth for her before we were five years older. Of such visions is love guilty!

As the girls were resolute to keep to their plan of walking from Bormio to Pontresina we set out in true bohemian fashion, like respectable gypsies. The roads were good, the weather perfect, and we tramped joyously to Bolladore and Tirano, staying a day here and a day there, just as the fancy took us. It was at Tirano that the climax of my brief madness came and the denouement of this adventure befell.

We were housed in the Hotel San Michele, one of the quaintest hostelries surely wherein a man might take his ease, for the building had formerly sheltered a peaceful sisterhood. The bedrooms were vaulted, the floors were of stone, and all the doors opened on to a broad, cloisterlike gallery. At the end of this winding gallery was an immense loggia, which looked on the piazza and the cathedral—a pilgrimage church—whither on great festivals the faithful were gathered together from all the surrounding villages.

Perhaps it was the sobering influences of the gray old building, or the conventual air of the place, or the asceticism which breathed from those cell-like bedrooms, but certainly on that third evening of our sojourn there the girls' manner had changed. Betty's beautiful face was sad and clouded, and Kittie's gayety had vanished. After dinner she pleaded a headache and went to her room, and Betty looked troubled as she left us, but did not offer to follow. I suggested a stroll in the convent garden, whence came the click of the bowls, for that old world game was always in full swing after the day's work was over. The garden, being large, served as an open air club to the townspeople. Betty agreed, and we were soon in the cool, high walled pleasance—a quiet spot, where all we heard of the players was the click of the ball and the distant sound of laughter and talk.

The sun had set, and a cool breeze was whispering among the broad leaves of the fig trees. In the grass the drone of the grasshopper made a sleepy murmur. Betty was curiously silent, a trifle embarrassed in manner, and somehow this unwonted shyness and taciturnity gave me confidence in myself. I talked to her about many things, as if I were entitled to her sympathy, told her of my struggles, of my ambitions, of my hopes—talked as a man rarely talks save to the woman he loves and hopes to win for his wife.

Somehow or other—made bold, I think, by a tender softening of her face when I spoke about the hardness of the struggle for fame when the struggle is made single handed—I blurted out my secret. I loved her, and life would be a desert without her love.

Then in the gray twilight I saw a white, astonished face and two large frightened eyes look at me almost in horror.

"Mr. Aslehurst," she panted, "you are surely mad! It is not I you love. It is"— she stopped and bit her lips.

Good heavens! It was the old complication. I read her unspoken thought in a flash. She believed it was Kittie I loved; that it was for Kittie's sake that I had dangled at their heels all this time.

I was about to protest that it was she—Betty, and she only that I loved—when she resumed, in a calm, self possessed tone:

"You must forget that you have ever spoken so to me, Mr. Aslehurst; that you have ever thought of me—in that way—for I am married already. My husband is coming to join us at Pontresina."

I stared at her incredulously for a moment.

"But, Miss Blount"—

"I was Miss Blount once. I am Mrs. Field now. Perhaps you know my husband. He is a barrister too. He could not get away sooner, because he had some important case to work up," she went on rapidly. "It is all Kittie Morison's fault—this—this dreadful mistake. Kittie was my greatest chum before I married last year. She was very angry with me for marrying, and she persuaded me, just for the sake of old times, when we used to come abroad together for walking tours, to be Miss Blount again. It was she who wrote the name in the hotel book at Bormio, and when you called me Miss Blount Kittie was delighted and insisted on keeping up the joke."

"That was a little rough on me," I said in a crestfallen way. The comical side of the situation was apparent to me, and for the moment I forgot the pangs of despised love.

"We did not mean any harm," she murmured humbly. "We used to have such splendid times together when we toured about, Kittie and I. When I heard you call me Miss Blount, I almost forgot that I had a husband in London."

"Poor Field! He would not be flattered."

"You know my husband?"

"Slightly. We meet pretty often in hall," I answered dryly.

"Oh, Mr. Aslehurst, what must you think of me? But I do love Edward, and I—I shall be so happy to see him at Pontresina. We are a model couple, and ever so contented. I—I thought that you admired Kittie Morison. She is such a dear, good girl. She has always been very independent and high spirited, but"— Again she stopped, and I read in Mrs. Field's beautiful face the gist of a little romance that had no doubt been simmering in her brain ever since our meeting in the rain swept pass of Stelvio.

Alas, how easily things go wrong! I had fallen in love with the wife instead of with the maid, thanks to Miss Kittie Morison's little freak. Betty—I must call her by the name I have called her always in my thoughts—Betty had allowed the freak to be indulged, and I was a broken hearted man—for fully 36 hours. But I could not in mere civility leave the two forlorn women to trudge together to Pontresina, especially now that I knew one of them was the wife of a brother barrister. By the time we reached our Alpine Mecca we were the best of friends again. Field turned up a day or two later, and I staid on, for we all found four a pleasanter number than three in our mountain expeditions, and really, Kittie Morison—she has another name now—was and is a very pretty girl, and she is certainly much less independent than when I first made her acquaintance.—Strand Magazine.

Paul Jones and the Privateer.

The French embassador, the Duc de Vauguyon, committed the astounding faux pas of suggesting to Paul Jones that he take command of a French privateer and thus escape from his dangerous situation in the Texel. Paul Jones' reply to this was an instant and haughty demand for an apology, which was promptly forthcoming. No man hated privateering and its "infernal practices," as he calls them, more cordially than Paul Jones. He wrote of privateers as "licensed robbers," and was naturally indignant at the affront offered him.

Some years afterward in a French port he had an amusing controversy on the subject with Captain Truxton, afterward the celebrated commodore. Truxton was then in the humble capacity of captain of a private ship bent on plunder. He had the assurance to raise a pennant in the presence of Paul Jones without asking his permission and in defiance of the act of congress forbidding a privateer to hoist a pennant under such circumstances without the permission of a naval ship's commander. They had a tart correspondence, and Commodore Truxton was evidently mightier with the sword than with the pen, as Paul Jones writes of him that there are in his letter "several words I do not understand and cannot find in the dictionary." Paul Jones sent him "a polite message" to haul down the pennant. This being disregarded, another polite message and Lieutenant Richard Deal with two armed boats were sent, and the pennant came down.—"Paul Jones," by Molly Elliot Seawell, in Century.

Are Thanks Unnecessary?

"A great deal is said about men being thanked for giving up their seats in the street cars to women," said a man in conversation with a friend. "Now, for my part, I don't want to be thanked for simply doing my duty."

"But is it your duty," asked the friend, "to give up a seat for which you have paid and stand up the entire trip to accommodate a stranger?"

"I look at it as a duty. It is a deal easier for a man to hang to a strap than it is for a woman. The fact that a woman is standing while I sit annoys me. It does not matter in the least to me that she is a stranger. I feel under obligations to give her my place."

"That is gallantry," sneered his friend.

"It comes nearer to being reciprocity. Every few days some man gives my wife or mother a seat in a crowded car, so I try to pass the courtesy on. Only yesterday I saw every man in a Gratiot avenue car give up his seat to some woman. Not one was thanked, or looked as if he expected to be, or indeed gave the woman in the case a chance to thank him. It was done as if all belonged to one family, but the true spirit of politeness was in the atmosphere, and thanks, though not audible, were felt. To tell the truth, it embarrasses me to have a woman repeat that set formula, 'Thank you, sir!' "

"I guess you're not often embarrassed," retorted his friend cynically, and there the conversation ended.—Detroit Free Press.

A Mother's Lament.

It was in the Black sea that he fell from the bridge, and the captain said, "Is it Jack that is overboard?" For he loved him like a son, and he plunged in to save him. And the water was wild, and he grasped—but it was only his cap. And a sad present it was that they sent me that Christmas—his silver watch and chain. And since then I have been weak and weary, for he was the first of 13, and I loved him the best. Ah, Jesus sent and Jesus took! I know it must be so, but when I sit on the rocks I think maybe God took my son to some island in the sea, and when I see the birds skimming on the water I think maybe he was not drowned, but will come up out of the sea to his mother, who nursed him so dear.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Scotland.

Scotland was named from the Scoti, a tribe which had its birth in north Ireland. It was called by the natives Caledonia, "the little country of the Gaels," Gael properly signifying "a hidden rover." The Picts, who inhabited the lowlands of Scotland, were "painted men."

EARLY MINSTRELSY.

GEORGE CHRISTY, ONE OF THE ORIGINATORS OF THE SHOW.

Interesting Scrapbook Left by the Celebrated Burnt Cork Artist—A Friend of Edwin Forrest and a Talented Comedian. Negro Minstrelsy In Great Britain.

Mrs. Edwina Forrest Fair, a daughter of the famous George Christy, who established negro minstrelsy in New York in 1847, chatted with me the other day very entertainingly regarding her father's career. She gave me his old scrapbook to refer to and several excellent photographs and some old fashioned engravings.

It seems so long since the days of the Christy minstrels that I rather expected to see an older looking woman than George Christy's daughter appears to be. She is an enthusiast over her father's memory. She has another sister living, and also a brother, George Harrington, who, instead of perpetuating the family trademark, has been known chiefly through his "beefsteak dinners" at the old Morgue club.

"My father, known in private life as George N. Harrington, was a young man when he died," said Mrs. Fair. "He was only 40. He had a fine constitution, it was thought, but he wore his heart on his sleeve and put a year into every day. Being jovial, hearty and generous with every one, even his most humble employee, he was persistently sought by well known persons, and his nature could not resist the compliment he felt their companionship to be.

"One of his very particular friends was Edwin Forrest. A few days before I was born my father declared he would name his child for him. 'What if it's a girl?' asked my mother. 'Then we'll call her Edwina,' replied my father. So you see I was named beforehand. Another friend of his, my brother tells me, was Theodore Thomas, who used to black up and do 'nigger business.'

"And why not? Didn't Edwin Booth try it? It was a pity that my father did not live to make a great name as an actor in white, for he was considered a remarkable low comedian. In burlesque he used to sustain from one to half a dozen characters in a piece and exhibit wonderful versatility. He made a great hit with his Topsy in a burletta on 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' He had a singularly sweet singing voice, and as a dancer he had few equals. He was also a contortionist and seemed blessed with every physical possibility.

"I was 18 years old when I last saw him, and that's a most impressionable age for a girl. I think Billy Birch copied a few of his characteristics, and George Thatcher has given some good imitations of him, but they and such other men as Schoolcraft and Sweatnam are different in general style."

Although I think it is generally understood that the Christy minstrels were the originators of that sort of entertainment, individual negro delineation was done as far back as 1799, at the Federal Street theater, in Boston.

The first idea of minstrelsy in its present shape, or before Mr. Haverly introduced his "Mastodons," came forth in the spring of 1841, for one night only, at the Chatham theater. The company was called the "Virginia minstrels" and was made up by Dan Emmet, Frank Brower, Billy Whitlock and Dick Pelham. The entertainment met with astonishing success. It was repeated subsequently at the Bowery amphitheater and at the Park. Fearing quick opposition here, the company, with G. B. Wooldridge at its head, went to England.

In London it performed for six weeks at the Adelphi in connection with Professor Anderson, then known as "the wizard of the north." A misunderstanding arising, a second company was organized by Pelham and Whitlock in connection with Joe Sweeney, and it traveled through Ireland and Scotland with success.

Another company, called the "Ring and Parker minstrels from Boston," now came along, and while in Liverpool one of the members introduced the character Lucy Long, which became immediately popular.

Simultaneously minstrel companies were being organized in nearly all the American cities, and on the return home of these two organizations they not only found plenty of rivalry, but much improvement on their plan.

Now followed in notable favor the "Kentucky minstrels," the "Congo melodists" and "Buckley's serenaders." Then was organized the famous Christy's, consisting of E. P. Christy, George N. Christy, L. Durand and T. Vaughn.

George, who afterward became the leader and was the joyous spirit of the show, had previously appeared at the old Eagle Street theater, in Buffalo, in 1839, and in 1842 the company started on its existence in the same city in a hall on Water street. George Christy was "bones" and Lansing Durand was "tambo." It is asserted that George was the original Lucy Long, the first to do the "wench business." He also made a hit as Cachuca.

The first appearance of the company in New York was at the Palma Opera House, in Chambers street. After various visits to other localities it finally settled at 472 Broadway, in 1847, where it remained 11 years. George finally withdrew from the care of his foster father, E. P. Christy, and with Harry Wood opened another hall at 444 Broadway, and a year later the original party went to California, and George became master of the situation.

After several years of great success Messrs. Wood and Christy opened the Fifth Avenue Opera House, in Twenty-fourth street. Christy's last appearance on the stage was with Hooley's minstrels, in Brooklyn, on May 2, 1867. He died on May 12 at his home and was buried from Trinity chapel three days later. His body is in Cypress Hills cemetery.—New York Herald.

SHE WAS A WOMAN.

And For This Reason There Was No Occasion For Surprise.

The sun beat down that blistering afternoon on the little adobe cabin just beyond the arroyo, and on the far side in the shade sat two sweltering cow punchers with a pack of cards between them. It was too hot for even this mild exercise, but it served to keep their minds off the weather, and they played lazily along. At last one of them threw his cards down.

"By gravy, Bill," he exclaimed, "I can't play any more."

"What's the matter?" inquired Bill. "Too hot for you?"

"No. 'Tain't that, though the Lord knows it's most hot enough for anything. It's that little girl down there at old Slocum's."

"What's she got to do with the game?" asked Bill in surprise.

"Nothing much, I guess, but a good deal with me."

"How?" and Bill picked up the pack and began shuffling the cards aimlessly.

"Oh, I don't know."

"Stuck on her?" inquired Bill, with a laugh, which struck his companion as rather harsh.

"Not exactly, I guess."

"She's the purtiest thing in this valley," said Bill admiringly.

"I know it," admitted the other. "I was down there last night, and she was sweeter than ever."

"Well," impatiently, "what are you going to do about it?"

"What would you advise?"

"That depends on what kind of advice you want."

"I was thinking about marrying her."

Bill gave a long whistle and stopped shuffling the cards.

"What, marry a half breed, and you having the kind of folks you have back in the east?" he said seriously.

"I don't see how I can get out of it honorably," he reluctantly confessed. "I've been going down there to see her for six months now, and she has been kind of expecting me to come. I didn't think much about it at first, but now blame me if I don't think about her pretty much all the time. The last four or five times I've been to see her she showed me straight that she thought a lot of me, and last night she told me everything, and said if I left her her heart would break and she would drown herself in the river. I can't stand that, you know, and besides I'd rather marry her myself than have anybody else marry her."

"She'll git old man Slocum's property when he goes over the divide," said Bill thoughtfully, "and that 's worth a pile."

"Yes, but I don't care for that. It's the girl and my own honorable action in the matter."

They talked until the sun had sunk behind the mountain, and by that time it was decided that Bill would go with his friend Joe and settle the business with the girl's father, old man Slocum. Early the next morning they set out, and before the sun had reached the hot place in the heavens they were at Slocum's.

"Where's Meg?" asked Joe, after they had passed the compliments of the morning.

"Oh, she's skipped," answered Slocum, with a laugh.

"Skipped?" gasped Joe.

"Yes. Skipped some time in the night with Pete Smiley, and she needn't 'a' done it, fer Pete was agreeable to me," and he laughed again.

Joe felt something rise in his throat and drop back again like a piece of lead. Bill looked at him curiously.

"Gals will be gals," said Bill, turning to Slocum, "but what we come down here to see you about, Mr. Slocum, is cattle," and he carried it through nobly.—Detroit Free Press.

Not a Fighter.

Two old negroes, one of whom wore a Grand Army of the Republic uniform, while the other was attired in the conventional black Prince Albert coat which is ever part and parcel of the colored "pahson," met on the corner of Ninth and Walnut streets. Both were waiting for a car. The wait turned out to be a long one, and the men, though evidently strangers, began chatting pleasantly on the condition of the weather and other stock subjects.

Finally the "pahson," with a comprehensive glance over the uniform which the other wore, asked:

"Was yo' in the wah, sah?"

"Yessah; 'deed I wuz. 'Deed I'ze in de wah."

"Den yo' had a taste of de late unpleasantness?"

"Yas; co'se I did. Fact is, pahson, I had mo' dan a taste. I done went and bit off mo' dan I cud chaw up fine."

"Did yo' run when dey commence shooting?" asked the "pahson" suspiciously.

"Dat I did, sah—dat I did—an I'd a-run befo' ef I'd knowed it wuz comin."

"Den yo' isn't much on fightin?" queried the expounder of the gospel.

"No, sah; I'ze not. I'll leab dat for people what ain't got nuffin else to do. Cookin is my perfeshun." And just then the car came.—Kansas City Times.

Lost the Prize.

The late James Crossley, a noted bibliomaniac, hied him one memorable day to a bookstall in Shudehill market, and spying a little volume took it up and glanced carelessly through it. After awhile he asked its price from an old woman and was told it was two and sixpence. "I'll give you sixpence for it," said Crossley. "Nay," replied the poor old dame, "it cost me 2 shillings." Whereupon our book devourer t[illegible]w it down in disgust and retired. A [illegible]tleman, overhearing the altercation, stepped forward and purchased it at the sum demanded. Crossley returned soon after, and noticing the book had gone anxiously inquired what had become of it. "Sold," answered the woman, "for what you refused to give." "Tell me who bought it and I'll give him 10 shillings for it!" said Crossley eagerly. The moral is self evident.—Exchange.

THE LONDON JOHNNIES.

Sons of British Noblemen Shock Polite Society by Their Goings On.

Polite society in London has had another severe shock in the announcement that one of the most eligible young men in the matrimonial market has engaged himself to a pert young person playing a second rate part at the Gaiety theater. The gentleman is Majoribanks, the eldest son of Lord Tweedmouth, one of the wealthiest of peers, and the lady is Miss Birdie Sutherland, better known perhaps as the sister of Lily Harold, the comedienne and singer of plantation songs, at present gracing the Drury Lane pantomime. Nobody has ventured to suggest that these two young women are not as good and virtuous as they are undeniably pretty, and it is a fact that they reside in a genteel suburb with their widowed mother and frequently take part in local church charity concerts, but all that, with additional proof of severe respectability afforded by the fact that their father was a clerk in the Bank of England, is scarcely sufficient to justify their ambition to contract an alliance with a family the head of which is a member of the British cabinet.

Lord Tweedmouth asked newspaper men in the commons lobby to contradict the report of his son's engagement, from which it may be assumed that he succeeded in arranging matters. But it would not be at all surprising if the match would be ratified after all. Young Majoribanks, who is familiarly known to the habitues of the Gaiety theater as "the Skipper," celebrated his majority the other day.

This infatuation is probably the result of the latest fad among the London Johnnies, who indulge in exciting rivalry to score the highest possible number of attendances in the front row of the stalls where the most popular entertainment is given. There is declared to be the finest aggregation of female loveliness just now in "The Shopgirl" on the Gaiety theater stage that was ever achieved in London. The same individuals fill the front stalls night after night. They are either very young or very old, but the young ones predominate. The Sun reporter in the lobby the other evening heard young Majoribanks boast to another sprig of nobility that it was his sixty-second attendance. The other appeared quite crestfallen. He said it was only his forty-fifth.—London Cor. New York Sun.

RED TAPE IN FRANCE.

While Officials Are Tied Up With It the Statue of Puget Is Minus a Nose.

British red tapeism is bad to beat, but the record just now is with Paris. There the front of the Ecole des Beaux Arts is adorned with a statue of Puget, the once famous tenor. Four years ago a passerby made the discovery that the statue's nose had come off. He called the attention of the policeman on duty to the fact. The policeman reported to his brigadier, who reported to the commissary of the quarter, who reported to the prefecture of police. The prefecture of police decided that the nose had dropped off the statue and had not been maliciously knocked off. The matter therefore concerned the prefecture of the Seine. It was then August, 1891. In October a committee of three was appointed to decide which department had to put the nose on again. The committee inspected the statue in January, 1892, and reported in December that they were unable to report.

In February, 1893, this report reached the department of public works. The head of a room found it in June and made the lives of his subordinates so many burdens to them with it. Somehow or other it got into print that but for this zealous official there would be hardly a statue in France and in Navarre with its nose on. In July he was decorated for special services. Somebody else took up the report. Between January and December, 1894, it had got into parliament. On Feb. 25, 1895, the house sat upon it, and MM. Jaures and Carnaud got off some virulent attacks upon the government for its want of public spirit. The next day the same passerby who had reported absence of the nose happened to pass by again. He discovered that the nose had not been replaced. He reported to the policeman on duty, who, etc. The nose of Puget is in for another round.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Redheaded at the Age of 103.

General M. Scott, who resides in the township of Shieldsville, Rice county, is 103 years of age. For upward of 30 years he has been a Rice county farmer. He had some business transactions in Faribault yesterday that required his presence, and he came to the city on horseback, a distance of 12 miles. Mr. Scott never wears an overcoat nor overshoes, he walks as briskly as a man in middle life, and never wears glasses. His hair, which was always red, has not turned gray, but his whiskers and mustache are white.—Minneapolis Tribune.

A Costly Campaign.

In consequence of M. Dreyfus' treason in supplying Germany with the secrets of the French plans of mobilization, says a Paris correspondent, the government has just spent more than $400,000 in changing all the essential features of the schemes for placing troops in case of war. It has been found that fully 15 per cent of the men drafted for the Madagascar expedition are physically unfit for the arduous service, and their places are being filled. Already it is apparent that the campaign will cost $25,000,000 instead of $13,000,000.

A Discovery.

It has remained for the public library committee of the English town of Ealing to discover that Mr. Hall Caine's latest novel, "The Manxman," is a highly improper and immoral book. The committee have unanimously voted to withdraw it from circulation. The clergyman who is chairman denounced it as disgraceful. A woman member declared it to be shameful.

ON THE RIVIERA.

Democracy of Distinguished People as It Appears to a Plain American.

Ballard Smith writes to the New York World from Beaulieu: This narrow little strip of France—40 miles or so from Cannes to Mentone and not above four or five miles wide anywhere between the blue sea and the practically impassable mountain chain beyond—might be called during any winter season the Republic of the Great From All Lands.

The democratic fashion of it is a little startling to the newcomer. You may sit at the next table in a restaurant to an ex-president of the republic. You may come suddenly in a public pathway upon an emperor and empress walking arm in arm together; you sit in the next chair in a hotel meeting room to the great ex-premier of England. Politicians from all countries, serene highnesses from every monarchy in the world, great artists—their faces become as familiar to you as those of the conventional people whom most of us have the fortune only to be brought in daily contact with.

It has happened to me, a very plain American citizen, to have had the three experiences mentioned above within the space of 24 hours, together with some others as interesting, and the fortune of it all, the reader being the judge of what measure of fortune it is, may come to any other plain citizen of any land who forms a part of this little republic within a republic.

In a former letter I described how absolutely democratic is the daily walk here of Casimir-Perier, until only the other day president of France.

In the rotunda of the Hotel Cape Martin we are to see a greater man than any hereditary king or emperor or potentate of today, of yesterday, of the century. Luncheon is just over when Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone come down from their rooms and take seats among the other guests before the fire, awaiting their carriage. The venerable statesman looks much older and more worn than when I saw him in London as he started for the Riviera.

The arduous journey in the bitter cold weather which met him in France and its extraordinary continuance here in the Riviera have evidently been most prejudicial to him. He walked very feebly to his carriage, escorted on the one side by his faithful wife and on the other by the hardly less faithful Mr. George Armistead—many times millionaire, who seems to have no object in life beyond this friendship and almost constant attendance—and now for the first time in his adult life looks all his age.

I had come to the hotel hoping that Mr. Gladstone might wish to say something more to the American public on the prospects of home rule in Ireland, but Mr. Armistead pleads that the statesman is in too feeble condition to talk upon politics, and that his restoration to health demands absolute rest from all political concerns for the present.

The ex-Empress Eugenie is another guest at the hotel, except that she occupies a cottage in the grounds, and she, too, takes her daily walk abroad with a single attendant, or more often alone. She also seems very feeble and looks very old, supporting herself with a strong crutch stick. She has lost every trace of her former beauty and graceful carriage.

END OF AN OLD THEATER.

A Stage on Which the Booths Acted to Make Way For a Furniture Store.

The Richmond theater, the oldest playhouse in this city and one of the oldest in the country, will very probably in a few days be converted into a furniture store.

Some of the greatest actors this country ever produced began their career upon the stage of the Richmond theater, and it was at one time the home of the best stock company in the United States, of which John Wilkes Booth was a member. The late Edwin Booth and William Florence both began their careers on this stage, and Creston Clarke, a nephew of Booth, made his first appearance at this theater.

Before the war it was known as the Marshall theater. In 1862 it was destroyed by fire and was rebuilt, the materials being brought through the blockade. The scenery for the new building was brought from England. The building is now out of repair and unfit for a place of amusement, though it has been conducted as such up to the present time.—Richmond Dispatch.

A Senseless Flirt.

At one of the suburban stations along the line of the Reading railroad an enterprising soap manufacturer has erected a factory and warehouse. Facing the railroad is the large bulk window of the main salesroom. In this window one day a few weeks ago there appeared to the riders on the early morning trains a very pretty girl, who appeared to have paused in the midst of her labor of washing the window to flirt with the travelers. Nearly every male rider who saw her proceeded to flirt with her, and the male riders on all trains that passed during the day did the same. In fact, she has been flirted with ever since, although most of the regular riders have long since learned that the beautiful young girl in the window is but a waxen figure.—Philadelphia Record.

Working a New Trick on Farmers.

Farmers in the vicinity of Frankfort are being caught on the billboard privilege racket. Two men paint a sign on the farmer's fence and give him a few dollars to guarantee them that no one else will be permitted to paint signs over them. The farmer is asked to sign a receipt acknowledging the payment of the money in order that they can return the same to their employer. The receipt which he signs turns out to be a promissory note for $200 or $500, as the case may be.—Indianapolis News.

CALIFORNIA IN 3½ DAYS FROM CHICAGO.

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208 CLARK ST., CHICAGO.

All meals served in Dining Cars.

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CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN RY

Society Directory.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

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State President, John T. Keating, 5627 Jackson av, Hyde Park.

State Vice-President, Ed J. Kelly, Armory Block, Ottawa, Ill.

State Recording Secretary, Daniel McGlynn, 1240 Gaty av, East St. Louis, Ill.

State Treasurer, Jas. Costello, Bloomington.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

County President, Lawrence Henely, 3146 Groveland av.

County Vice-President, W. J. Dougherty.

County Recording Secretary, F. J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth st.

County Financial Secretary, P. Holden.

County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch.

Sergeant-at-Arms, Thomas Finegan.

The County Board meets the second Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at 83 E. Madison-st.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Div. No. 1—M. J. Maloney, Pres, Room 306, 120 Randolph-st; T A Becket, V-P; Michael Tuohy, Rec Sec, 142½ Jackson st; Wm Territt, Fin Sec; J. O'Brien, Treas. Meet in Father Mathew hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts, the 1st Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 2—D T Murphy, Pres, Grand Crossing; M Harmon, V P; E F Brennan, Rec Sec, Grand Crossing; A Harmon, Fin Sec; P J O'Sullivan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 3 p m in Arcade hall, Hegewisch, Ill.

Div. 3—J J Cullinan, Pres, 3034 Sullivan court; James Perkins, V-P; John Lavelle, Rec Sec, 624 Elston av; James Shannon, Fin Sec; M Naughton, Treas. Meet at cor North av and Holt st, 2d Monday and 4th Sunday at 8:30 and 2:30 p m.

Div 4—Michael Blake, Pres, 708 31st st; Peter F Radigan, V P; James McGuire, Rec Sec, 2948 Union av; Daniel Collins, Fin Sec; William McAvoy, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m, cor Canalport av and Union st.

Div 5—P F Golden, Pres, 141 W Harrison st; James J Brennan, V-P; Thos E Collins, R S, 348 W Indiana st; Daniel Cullinane, F S; O'Connor Lynch, Treas. Meet in Horan's hall, cor Harrison and Halsted sts, 1st Friday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 6—P G Maguire, Pres, 4467 Princeton av; M G Butler, V-P; H B Ryan, Rec Sec, 3873 State st; James F Ryan, Fin Sec; Martin Fanning, Treas. Meet in Foley hall, 712 W Forty-third st, 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m.

Div No 7—William Sullivan, Pres, 335 W Van Buren st; Patk Behan, V-P; Patrick Foley, Rec Sec, 2733 Hickory st; James E O'Brien, Fin Sec; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W Twelfth st, 2nd Sunday of month at 8 p m.

Div 8—P J O'Sullivan, Pres, 117 E Erie st; T F Monahan, V P; Thomas H Donohoe, R S, 117 E Erie st; J P Cunningham, F S; R G McHugh, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Saturdays of each month at 65 N. Clark st, at 8 p m.

Div 10—P Cummings, Pres, 4125 State st; P Ryan, V-P; James Brannigan, R S, 5020 Dryer st; Thos Galliger, F S; Wm Webb, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av.

Div 11—Hugh J Bradshaw, Pres, 217 Owasco st; Peter Shine, V P; John F Walsh, Rec Sec, 495 W Erie st; Daniel Kirby, Fin Sec; M J Connery, Treas. Meets in Anchor hall, cor Grand av and Paulina st, 2d and 4th Thursday, 8 p m.

Div 12—D Moriarity, Pres, 4567 Wentworth-av; Wm Kennedy, V P; Wm Carney, Rec Sec, 4226 Wentworth-av; Jas O'Brien, Fin Sec; Patrick Norris, Treas.

Div 13—J E Long, Pres, 2991 Archer av; T J Maney, V-P; M Jordan, Rec Sec, 2901 Archer av; D J Sullivan, Fin Sec; S J Moloney, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday, in K of P hall, 3001 Archer av, at 8 p m.

Div 14—Henry T Boyle, Pres, 2958 State st; Ed Hanley, V-P; Thomas L O'Connor, Rec Sec, 204 30th st; Patrick J Linge, Fin Sec; Thomas H Ward, Treas. Meet in Prosperity Hall, 18th and State sts, 1st and 3d Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 15—P J Shine, Pres, 943 Fifty-fifth st; Martin Mulhall, V P; Terrence Dunn, Rec Sec, 5339 Bristol st; Hugh McDermott, Fin Sec; Michael Duffy, Treas. Meet N E cor 51st and Peoria sts, 1st Thursday each month.

Div 16—Thomas McMahon, Pres, 5818 Justine st; P McMahon, V-P; Peter Meegan, Rec Sec, 4644 Laflin st; Patrick Fitzpatrick, Fin Sec; John McGinty, Treas. Meets 4th Sunday each month at 2 p m in Burk's hall, 5252 Ashland av.

Div 17—P J O'Brien, Pres, 10 Earl st; D C Kelleher, V-P; John P Casey, R S, 51 Lake st; B Burke, F S; Martin Mulcahy, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div 18—Martin Loftus, Pres, 2240 W Kinzie st; James Collins, V-P; Timothy Collins, Rec Sec, 2480 W Fulton st; Wm O Mara, Fin Sec; James Dougherty, Treas. Meet in Schoenhoffen's hall, cor W Lake and 43d st, last Friday each month at 8 p m.

Div 19—James Thomas, Pres, 4525 Dryer st; Daniel Daly, V P; Jerh Herbert, Rec Sec, 830 Thirty-seventh st; J O'Hern, Fin Sec; Michael McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month in Qualey's hall, 3749 S Halsted st, at 8 p m.

Div 20—Joseph J Lamb, Pres, 2801 Emerald av; W H Kenny, V-P; R J Taylor, Rec Sec, Alhambra Building; M H Curry, Fin Sec; M O'Grady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays each month in Schaefer's hall, 25th place and Canal st.

Div 23—W J Doherty, Pres, 1353 47th st; John McGaughan, V P; John Toner, Rec Sec, 4316 Dryer st; James McCann, Fin Sec; Patk Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 3 p m, at 47th st and Ashland av.

Div 26—Felix Hughes, Pres, 4656 Wentworth av; Thos Killoughy, V-P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol st; James A Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2d Saturday each month in Schell's hall, 51st st and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div 29—P J O'Reilly, Pres, P O Box 358, Pullman; P J Tully, V P; William Byrne, Rec Sec, P O Box 489, Pullman; P Keyes, Fin Sec; Chas Corkery, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday each month in Holy Rosary church, Pullman, 8 p m.

Div. 30—Thomas Reelan, Pres, 10810 Calhoun av; C Hartnett, V P; Jeremiah O'Keeffe, Rec Sec, 10810 Hoxie av; Ed McGill, Fin Sec; Wm Heslin, Treas. Meet in Fink's hall, Cummings, Ill, 2d Sunday of each month at 2 p m.

Div [illegible]—Patrick F Holden, Pres, 839 Thirty-seventh st; M O'Brien, V P; Jas Gannon, Rec Sec, 3656 Emerald av; P O'Gorman, F S; Michael Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month 8 p m, in Columbia hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted sts.

Div 36—John T Keating, Pres, 5627 Jackson av; J H Ryan, V-P; Wm McMahon, Rec Sec, 5437 Lake av; Bartley Owens, Fin Sec; Andrew Ludwich, Treas. Meet at 5339 Jefferson av, Hyde Park, 2d and 4th Friday each month.

Div 37—John P Deahey, Pres, 6359 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6136 Wallace-st; M H Hoey, Fin Sec; C McInerney, Treas. Meet 2d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 66th st.

KNIGHTS OF ST. PATRICK.

Pres't, J H Carmody, 20 Vernon Park place; V-P, D J Solon; Rec Sec, J P Harding, 363 S Morgan st; Fin Sec, M J Ryan; Treas, P O'Beirne; Knight Commander, John Dadie; V-Kt Comdr, T J Ryan; Sergt-at-Arms, P Morris. Meet first Thursday of each month, 8 p m, in Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

FATHER MATHEW T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

Organized Feb. 6, 1865. P J Kennedy, President, 347 Loomis-st; Michael Kenny, 1st V.-P.; William S Dillon, 2d V-P; J J Barry, Secretary, 22 Plum-st; Ed Dunphey, Ass't Secretary; John Shannon, Treasurer. Meet in hall, 388 W Taylor-st, the 1st and 3d Mondays of each month at 8 p m.

ST. COLUMBKILL'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Edward Hayes, Pres., 434 W. Ohio-st.; James M. Gubbins, 1st V.-P.; D. McGinnis, 2nd V.-P.; P. Kavanaugh, Rec. Sec., 609 W. Huron-st.; P. J. Sheehy, Fin Sec; M. Gethins, Ass't Fin Sec; P. B. Shell, Treas; M. McLaughlin, Sergt-at-Arms; Thomas Bidwell, Marshal. Board of Directors, Thomas Croak, Thomas Rae, T. T. Hartigan, M. McCue. Meets 1st Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in school hall, Rumsey and W. Indiana-sts.

CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

HIGH COURT OFFICERS.

John C. Schubert, H C R, Room 22, 69 Dearborn-st; C. Ritchot, H V C R, Montreal, Can; Thomas H. Cannon, H S, Room 22, 69 Dearborn-st; Henry Detmer, H T, 109 East Randolph-st; Dr. T. O'Malley, H M E, 169 Blue Island-av.

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Holy Family No 1—Michael Heaney, C R, 8 Elburn av; W J Wallace, Rec Sec, 120 W Taylor st; George B Bracken, Fin Sec; Jas Kennedy, Treas; Dr Geo O Synon, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Sodality Hall, May and 11th sts.

Columbia No 2—Thomas Croak, C R, 93 Walnut st; Martin Dowling, Rec Sec, 152 N May st; J E Kelley, Fin Sec; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Anchor Hall, 523 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart No 3—Hugh P Moran, C R, 263 Thirtieth st; John Fitzgerald, Rec Sec, 257 West Eighteenth-st.; Michael J. McGarry, Fin Sec; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr William King, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays at Canalport av and Union st.

St Pius No 4—F T Nichol, C R, 343 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, Rec Sec, 729 Hinman st; F M Quinn, Fin Sec; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m at Nineteenth st and Ashland av.

Jacques Cartier No 5—Michael Cyr, C R, 66 Winthrop place; John W Twohey, Rec Sec, 248 Laflin st; Louis Jordain, Fin Sec; Ed L Caron, Treas; Dr P Lesage, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Sundays at 188 Blue Island av.

St John's No 6—Stephen Dake, C R, 1825 Dearborn st; James Donohue, Rec Sec, 4032 Dearborn st; Dennis McGrath, Fin Sec; Martin D Kearney, Treas; Dr Dan'l H. Sullivan, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Monday at 8 p m in Prosperity Hall, Eighteenth and State sts.

St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Hewson, Rec Sec, 35 Fifth av; W J Eller, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McMunn, C R, 339 S Centre av; William A Hoyne, Rec Sec, 27 Arthington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 3350 Yorktown st; W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1821 Indiana av; James Drury, Fin Sec; Wm White, Treas; Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3305 Auburn av; Michael Ryan, 2958 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec; Wm L O'Brien, Treas; Dr John B McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Qualey's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st.

St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 150 S Peoria st; Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 454 Winchester av; Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas; Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette No 13—John O Curtis, C R, 464 Austin av; J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 358 W Huron st; J M O'Halloran, Fin Sec; L Foley, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 523 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st; John F Owens, Fin Sec; Maurice O Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 326 Fifty-fourth st; John Mott, Rec Sec, 5743 Kimbark av; M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas; Dr J A Hemsteger, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

St. Gabriel No 16—Lawrence Phee, C R, 1045 W 37th st; R S, J V Cook, 743 W 43d st; F S, John Hale; Treas, William Tracy. Meet in Allen's hall, 760 W 43d st.

St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 432 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, T J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 446 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 881 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1086 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaeter, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 509 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9222 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Graper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 19th st; R S Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Malbach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 330 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Joe Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 678 Seminary av; F S, James Gouway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 485 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 573 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 125 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne ave and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 223 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 2803 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 5723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 5500 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L H Schagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 2080 Joseph st; R S, T T Pratte, 2833 Archer av; F S, F DeGuise; T, Joseph Bouffard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs.

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John E Long, 2991 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3849 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Doney. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schommer, jr, 102 Cornell st; R S, John Schommer, 289 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph Hellmuth; T, P Mueller. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesday in s[illegible]

McMullen No 46—C R, Thomas H Cannon, 421 Oak st; R S, A P Dease, 332 E Division st; F S, M J Lynn; T, John F Coleman. Meet 1st and 2d Mondays in school hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

REVISED WATCH OFFER.

WALTHAMS AND ELGINS ONLY.

FOR SALE BY THE CITIZEN.

FINE WATCHES AT REDUCED PRICES.

THE CITIZEN, ever ready to act in the interest of subscribers, has made a thorough revision of its popular watch offers, and now makes a complete offer of Waltham and Elgin watches that will certainly be appreciated by all who wish to buy accurate time-pieces at the very lowest rates. Every watch offered is a genuine Waltham or Elgin, in such a case as the subscriber may select. THE CITIZEN buys only for subscribers who may order. It sends nothing C. O. D., and does not care to sell anything except to subscribers who appreciate the favor. All watches will be delivered in perfect order. If they are damaged in the mails or found to be otherwise than as guaranteed, they must be returned within three days, and the purchaser's money will be refunded in full. These watches are guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham and Elgin factories. Every watch is of the latest and best design, and contains stem-wind and set, and all the greatest improvements. Subscribers should order at once, because these offers may not continue long.

WALTHAM REPEATER.
MEN'S SIZE, HUNTING-CASE.
$80, REDUCED TO $65.

We will sell what remain of the Waltham repeaters for $65 each, and this includes free delivery anywhere in the United States. This is to close out the few that remain. The regular price is $100. A Waltham repeater is a curiosity as well as a correct timepiece, because it strikes the exact time within five minutes whenever a spring is touched. The hunting-case is 14k. gold filled, guaranteed to wear 20 years.

SOLID 14K. GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $32.80.
OFFER NO. 26.

No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for....................$32.80

GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60.
OFFER NO. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered....................$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.
OFFER NO. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered..........$10.80

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH.
WALTHAM OR ELGIN, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $5.50.
OFFER NO. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for....................$5.50

DIAMOND SPECIAL NO. 2.
GOLD WATCH, JEWELED GOLD HANDS.
HUNTING CASE, ELGIN ONLY.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $15.50.
OFFER NO. 27.

No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING CASE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER NO. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for....................$9.75

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER NO. 18½.

No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only......$9.75

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"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings. Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. THE CITIZEN will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Solid 14k. Gold 2 oz. hunting case..$38.00
Gold-filled 15-year hunting case (engraved)....................$18.50
Gold-filled 15-year case, open face (engraved)....................$17.50
In solid coin silver case, open face or hunting....................$13.50
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face....................$10.00

"THE LIMITED."
14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH, MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—NO. 2487, PRICE $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

"THE LIMITED."
LADIES' SIZE HUNTING CASE 14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH — NO. 2488, PRICE $12.50.

This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. This is a most attractive watch, which is especially desirable where a lady wishes something really handsome at a reasonable price. The color of the gold is rich, and the timekeeping qualities of the watch are of high order. Price delivered, $12.50.

SOLID GOLD, FANCY ENGRAVED, HUNTING-CASE WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $17.50.
OFFER NO. 28.

No. 28 is a watch of the very latest style. The works contain seven jewels and all improvements. The case is solid gold, fancy engraved in a beautiful pattern. This watch is worth $25. We will send it, delivery gauranteed, and prepaid, for only....................$17.50

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LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $10.
OFFER NO. 24.

No. 24 is a Ladies' size, seven-jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting-case. This case is made by rolling a heavy sheet of solid gold upon a sheet of very stiff composition metal. It is just like a $50 solid gold watch in appearance. This is a great bargain, and we cannot recommend it too highly. It gives any person who has a small amount to spend a chance to own a gold watch. Price, by insured registered mail..........$10

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No. 21 is a solid coin-silver hunting-case Waltham or Elgin watch. In the works are seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, plain regulator and all improvements. Like all the watches we offer, it is a stem-wind and setter. Sent to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for....................$9.50

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Ballad by Mr. Murphy,
"Oh, Where's the Slave so Lowly"..........Moore

2—From A. D. 1400 to the death of Hugh O'Neill, the great Earl of Tyrone, in 1616.
Irish War Song by Mr. Murphy,
"O'Donnell Aboo" (In Irish)..............McCann

3—The period of Cromwell and Owen Roe O'Neill, 1641-1651.
Irish National Caoine by Mr. Murphy,
"Lament for Owen Roe"......................Davis

4—Period of James II, Sarsfield and St. Ruth, Athlone, Aughrim, Limerick and Fontenoy.
Ballad by Mr. Murphy,
"The Battle Eve of the Irish Brigade"........Davis

5—(Last Period) Ireland in America, the Revolutionary Heroes, Presbyterian and Catholic; the Volunteers, '98; Emmet, O'Connell and Young Ireland; the Fenians and Parnell.
Irish National Ballad by Mr. Murphy,
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ESTATE OF MURTY SULLIVAN, Deceased.—All persons having claims against the estate of Murty Sullivan, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the city of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of May, A. D. 1895, being the 20th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, March 25, 1895.

JOHN J. SULLIVAN,
Administrator.
James O'Connell Attorney for Administrator.

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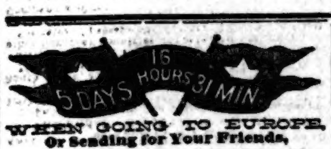

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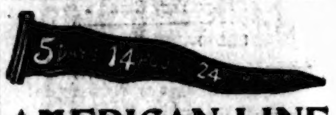

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